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The Week

THOSE who believe that however bad the Peace Treaty, the League may be counted on to mend it, will be disconcerted by the President's argument, in his note on the Adriatic question. Considerations of Italy's merits and sacrifices "cannot be made the reason for unjust settlements that will be provocative of future wars. A course thus determined would be shortsighted and not in accord with the terrible sacrifices of the entire world, which can be justified and ennobled only by leading finally to settlements in keeping with the principles for which the war was fought." Then how about the unjust settlements in the Tyrol, between Hungary and Rumania, between the Ukraine and Poland, between Serbia and Greece and Bulgaria? These were just "slight deflections of the ethnographical frontier" sanctioned "for sufficient geographical and economic reasons." Slight indeed, when 3,000,000 Germans were involved in one case, 3,000,000 Ruthenes in another! Equally slight defections would give Italy all she was promised under the Treaty of London, and more. The President is right in refusing to permit a new outrage to be added to the iniquities of the Treaty. But if a trifle like the coastal strip from Fiume to the Italian boundary is provocative of future wars, the half dozen far greater outrages of the Treaty certainly bode ill for peace.

WITH the utmost emphasis and frankness, says the New York World, the President has told the Democratic Senators that he will pocket the Treaty if it comes to him bearing Mr. Lodge's reservation on Article X. At least twenty-five Democratic Senators, says the World, will stand by the President and vote to reject the Treaty rather than give way to Mr. Lodge. If the President's attitude is correctly reported there can be but one purpose in his mind. He cannot, after the Grey letter, expect the Republicans to yield. He must believe the Treaty can and should be made a campaign issue.

IT is possible that his determination to throw the Treaty into the campaign may have motivated the President's selection of Mr. Bainbridge Colby as Secretary of State. In a campaign centered on the Treaty a Secretary of State who could stump the country would be an asset. And for campaign service Mr. Colby qualifies. On any other assumption it is difficult to see a reason for his selection. The office of Secretary of State, particularly at the present time, demands administrative talent of a high order. Nothing in Mr. Colby's record on the Shipping Board marks him, in our opinion, as the possessor of anything like the ability needed.

AT last we are making some progress toward discovering what Congress meant when it passed the Sherman Anti-Trust law, nearly thirty years ago. The Supreme Court has decided that a combination of formerly competing steel companies, sufficiently large to enable it to dominate the market if it so desires, but innocent of unfair competitive methods, does not violate the law so long as it does not use its power in a manner prejudicial to the public. Only a

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minority of the whole court, however, joined in the decision. Four judges thought the combination legal, three thought it illegal, and two did not participate because they had been professionally engaged against the Steel Corporation before coming on to the Supreme Court. Of the two who did not vote, one was formerly in charge of the government's anti-trust prosecutions, and the other is popularly supposed to have pronounced views against the legality of such combinations as the Steel Trust. The Steel Trust now has its judicial absolution, but it is by no means certain how the other "good" trusts will fare.

THERE is one vicious feature of the recent railroad legislation which has generally escaped attention. It is known that the Esch-Cummins law provides a six months guarantee of earnings in the future, but it is not generally realized that it makes a present, out of the public treasury, of substantial amounts to certain railroads to make up for past losses. Section 204 of the law directs the Secretary of the Treasury to make good to all railroads which were not taken over by the government, but which connected or competed with railroads which the government took over, any deficits which they sustained during 1918 and 1919, below their average profits during the three years before the war. These railroads, the so-called "short lines," were not operated by the Railroad Administration, and were not used or required for war purposes. They are no differently situated than any other private industry whose profits were interfered with by the war. Why then do they receive a war bonus?

POLAND, like the great powers, is preparing for peace with Soviet Russia. But not without an effort to drive a good bargain. Poland is to ask for various guarantees, for the right to "concern herself with the Ukraine," and an indemnity for the devastation caused by the armies of the Tsar (no mention is made of a Polish indemnity to Russia for the year and more that Polish troops have been a hundred miles beyond their own border). But this is not all. In addition, Russia is asked to roll history back a hundred and forty-eight years—and renounce the territory west of Poland's frontier of 1772. It is carefully explained that this is only to give the eight million inhabitants of the territory affected a chance to "settle their own destiny" in whatever way they choose. Poland, of course, does not expect peace on the terms she proposes. She is simply setting a high price before bargaining begins. On that principle she might as well have gone back a hundred and twenty years more, before the Peace of Oliva. That would have given her a fairly legitimate title to the crown of Sweden.

REVOLUTION in Siberia is no local affair confined to the environs of Vladivostok. It has spread as far as Blagovieschensk, an important point on the northern branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, six hundred miles to the west. Everywhere along the way commanders of the revolutionary troops claim to have had popular support. That, of course, is the assertion of each successive regime in Siberia. Future events will show whether it is better justified in this case than in Kolchak's. Meantime, while there is "pronounced pro-American sentiment in Vladivostok" (according to the Associated Press), the new government insists upon an end to foreign intervention. It is attempting to unite the local revolutionary movements, and (if a wireless from Moscow may be relied upon) to form a new union with Soviet Russia.

AS is frequently the case in a British bye-election, Mr. Asquith's victory at Paisley is given a variety of interpretation. It is a personal triumph. Or it is the culmination of popular disgust with the Lloyd George Cabinet. Or it is vindication for Mr. Asquith's central issue: peace with Russia. Whatever part each of these factors played in the result, for the Coalition candidate to receive less than an eighth of the total votes cast is without doubt the severest blow the Lloyd George government has suffered. There is another equally plain conclusion to be drawn. Considering Mr. Asquith's political eminence, and the fact that he led the Labor nominee by less than three thousand votes in a total of thirty thousand, the voting at Paisley shows once more the present trend of political opinion toward Labor.

THE Irish Home Rule bill made public by the British government follows closely the lines laid down by Mr. George in his statement of last December. Two legislatures are planned, one for Ulster and one for South Ireland. There is to be a central "Council" in which both districts have equal representation, despite an inequality in size, population and apportionment of taxation. The government's Home Rule bill finds Ireland in a poor mood to accept a measure which dodges the real issue of self-determination. What an investigating committee of the British Labor party found in Ireland has been made public in London. The Labor report declares that where British administration "is not merely unintelligent it appears to be deliberately provocative"; it is an administration

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which "would drive any spirited nation into deep-seated and dangerous discontent." It is undeniable, asserts the report, that Sinn Fein "in some directions acts as the de facto government. It has established courts, whose decisions are respected, and issues decrees that are obeyed by a very considerable part of the population."

WHAT do the women voters of this country want? That is a question, troublesome for more than one politician, which the newly organized League of Women Voters attempted to answer in its Chicago conference. Resolutions adopted by the League are far too courageous and explicit, however, to give much satisfaction to the average politician. They warn against the destruction of personal liberty, and pledge the League "emphatically in favor of the principle of free speech, free press, and free representation"; deplore "the constant circulation in the press of sensational and inflammatory rumors" about Mexico, and ask a "constructive and friendly cooperation" with that country; oppose compulsory military training; call for an "immediate and generous loan to Europe"; and urge that the inter-Allied economic organizations formed during the war be reconstituted as agencies of international service.

THE Soldier's Bonus project is making progress that a few weeks ago would have seemed impossible. No doubt the great majority in Congress would prefer not to face this issue, if it could be avoided. But if the American Legion is fairly representative of the sentiment of the ex-service men, it will be highly dangerous for the individual members of Congress to oppose the measure. The ex-service men and their kin are a sufficient body in most constituencies to hold the balance of voting power. As for the merits of the measure, there is nothing to be said. To add another two or four billions to our national debt, already staggering in its weight, is bad enough; to set a precedent for an unending succession of raids on the Treasury is far worse; worst of all is the injection into our political life of a vast organization ready to sacrifice the public interest to its own gain. We can not believe that a majority, or even a significant minority of the ex-service men would willingly wreak such mischief upon their country. They have grievances against the country, it must be recognized. We have treated them shabbily in the matter of providing means for the rehabilitation of the injured. Provision for the reemployment of discharged soldiers was wofully halting and incompetent. We permitted the profiteers to fatten, in part at the expense of the soldiers' dependents. Those are evils that cry not for bonuses but for a political housecleaning, and the service men could bring it about, if they set themselves to the task.

ALL of the testimony is now in, for both prosecution and defence, in the trial of the five Socialist Assemblymen at Albany. The defence concluded its case with evidence to show that none of the five Assemblymen had ever signed resignations in blank, or ever been asked to do so; that no orders had ever been taken from dues-paying members of the party, as alleged, and none were transmitted; and (here the witnesses were two members of the New York police force) that Assemblyman Solomon had not "insulted the flag" at one of his meetings, as an eighteen-year old witness for the prosecution alleged he had. On the last day of the trial there was read into the record this sentence from a speech made while the American army was still in France: "Sincerely do I hope, looking up to my God tonight, that they will have enough ammunition left when they come back to use on the hypocrites and bigots and enemies of democracy who have stolen democracy while they were away." Which one of the five Socialists thus incited revolution? Not any of them —but Assemblyman Martin McCue, a good 100 per cent Tammany American whose vote will be cast for ejection.

ORGANIZED labor has too few votes to go into politics on its own. That is the burden of Mr. Gompers's frequent argument against the creation of a new independent party of workers. It does not, however, represent a consistent stand for anyone who talks as much about the evils of "class government" as Mr. Gompers does. The very fact that organized labor is a minority would compel it, in making an independent venture in politics, to seek an alliance with farmers,clerks, professional workers and other groups on an economic plane similar to its own. Without sacrificing its trade union solidity, labor in America, as in England, would be forced by circumstances to broaden its political base to genuinely democratic proportions. Nothing similarly fundamental is to be accomplished by Mr. Gompers's proposal of "rewarding friends and punishing enemies."

A PRINTER'S error in last week's issue of the New Republic made an editorial paragraph assert that the Franco-British note to Italy on January 14th was drawn "with American consent." This should have read "without American consent."

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Getting Debamboozled on Russia

UNDER the title, Law and Order in Soviet Russia, the New York Times published on February 27th a news article by Arthur Copping, correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle. We shall quote a few passages; they are enough to make anyone familiar with the Times's record on Russia rub his eyes in a daze. "Law and order now reign unbroken and unthreatened." "The working millions, in their abiding fear and hatred of the despotism that is ended, cheerfully put up not only with a grievous shortage of food, fuel and other necessaries that is associated with the democratic era that has dawned for them, but also with the astounding idealistic and hitherto untested economic principles upon which it is sought to build a new social fabric." "I told Krassin . . . that the British government and people were now beginning to believe that Soviet Russia today, instead of being a tyrannical chaos was an orderly and upward striving democracy." "In contradiction to most of the testimony that has trickled through the frontiers . . . the members of Russia's government, so far from hatching schemes of robbery, spoliation and aggression, are toiling night and day in a self-sacrificing spirit which is almost fanatical, to build up a purely Utopian state based on theories and ideals adopted secretly under the despotism of Tsardom and nurtured through long years of exile." "The only Russians who had acquired self-reliance and business efficiency . . . capable of firmly handling the national helm" were these extremists who composed the following of Lenin. There you have it, a clean bill of health. The Liberator has published from time to time equally roseate views of the Soviet Republic, but the Liberator was denied the second class mailing privilege.

In fairness to the Times we must give them credit for featuring, the following day, a statement dug out from some mouldy cranny of our tumble down State department that the Soviet peace offer to America (which has not been received) "would not be made public, as it was regarded largely as an effort to further Soviet propaganda throughout the world." Just a "peace trap," treacherously set for the innocent American mouse. On the same day the Times produced a long editorial, writing itself out from under both Copping and the State department. The net impression left by its meandering argument is that the Times does not believe in anything; the simple may believe if they choose.

The Times is not alone in publishing material out of Russia that a few months ago would have been pronounced rank Bolshevik propaganda. Copping's reports are the "rankist," but Mr. Lincoln Eyre's correspondence in the New York World, though animated by an amused contempt for the impractical Utopianism of the Bolshevik program, is equally effective in dissipating the delusion of a government by greedy monsters against whom the whole civilized world is bound to go crusading. According to Eyre there is less effective control over food and fuel in Russia than existed in western Europe during the war. There is no equality of rewards, speculation goes on unchecked and a new bourgeoisie and a new aristocracy are developing. Who shall say that the editors of the New York Times might not find themselves very much at home in Russia, in another decade when the forces now at work have reached their logical end?

What has happened, that the most powerful anti-Bolshevik organs are now publishing this kind of material, instead of the tales of horror in which they revelled a few months ago? Has the Soviet government changed its nature? It is to be noted, none of the correspondence out of Russia fixes a date at which the Soviet government was transformed from the gang of bloodthirsty conspirators "more tyrannical than the Tsar" so luridly drawn by our press, into a group of Russian leaders, disinterested, hard working, efficient, if over idealistic and mistakenly Utopian. The fact is, there has been no fundamental change. The Lenin of Lincoln Eyre's interview is essentially the same man as the Lenin who has been described again and again by Americans who have talked with him from the time Raymond Robins returned from Russia. In the early days of Bolshevik triumph Utopianism was at higher flow, if not in Lenin's mind, at least in the minds of his followers. After the flare-up of counter-revolutionary conspiracy which resulted in the serious wounding of Lenin, there was a hideous period of panic and terror, just as there has been a not too creditable period of panic and terror here since the attempted bombing of Attorney-General Palmer. The Russian terror was a thousand times more terrible, and the conspiracy was at least a thousand times more formidable. Gradually the Russians recovered from their madness and have for the better part of two years made what head they could against economic disorganization, while devoting their major resources to suppressing the Kolchak, Yudenitch and Denikin insurrections, supported by our Allies and ourselves. In that period they have carried the principle of food and fuel control rather farther than we did, in theory if not in practice. They also have employed, more drastically than we did, the "work or fight" principle. They are operat-

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ing now with a badly battered system of production, like most of the rest of Europe, and we may safely predict that the concessions they have made to the principle of private initiative and the additional concessions they will be forced to make when peace comes will play a large part in the reorganization of Russian life, probably a larger part than communistic theory.

All this, however, is mere commonplace to every one who has been willing to face the facts about Russia. No well equipped newspaper editor has had the least excuse for waiting until now to discover that Russia is not a chaos of disorder. There has been scarcely a week, certainly not a month, since the armistice, that credible American witnesses have not come out of Russia, testifying to exactly the same effect as the correspondents now in Russia. They were howled down as Bolshevik propagandists, but most of the editors must really have known better. They pursued the policy of vilifying Russia, in some cases because they were part of the great international counterrevolutionary propaganda, in more cases because, having been fooled in the beginning, they wanted to maintain their consistency, and in most cases, simply because they wanted to believe as much ill as possible about a people whom our soldiers were fighting in Siberia and around Archangel. It is, after all, a hideous thing to feel that your country is altogether in the wrong in an enterprise which involves the shedding of the blood of your country's soldiers. The average citizen did not want to believe it, and the average editor was not of a different make-up.

But now peace is about to be made with Russia. There are, no doubt, points still in debate between the Allied governments and the Soviet government. The latter offers to pay sixty per cent of the old Russian debt held abroad. That is interesting to France, but eighty per cent or one hundred per cent would be more interesting. The Soviet government is willing to grant certain economic concessions for working the forests and the platinum and silver and gold mines. That is interesting to England and Japan, but there are doubtless more interesting points still unsettled concerning the oil of Baku, the iron of the Ussuri peninsula and the like. It interests America that the Soviet government has abolished capital punishment, but America would be more interested if the Soviets declared an amnesty, so that emigrés who wish to do so might go home. To be sure, we have not declared an amnesty for our own political offenders whose offense was nothing compared with the offenses of Russian expatriates who levied war against their country and plotted with foreign invaders. But we have a right to expect New Russia to be more liberal than the country which in respect to political offenders is the most backward of the western nations.

Whatever the points at issue, negotiations are going on, and the western governments are moving nearer and nearer to peace with Russia. They can not make peace and save their faces so long as the peoples remain under the bloody chaos delusion, largely created by the governments and more largely by the "responsible" press—the press responsible for anything but the truth. The peoples have been bamboozled so thoroughly that they must be debamboozled gradually and judiciously. That process is going on now. Papers like the Times, for all their repugnance, must print overdrawn accounts of Bolshevik government. Papers like the World, which never assumed the role of "responsible" propagandists, may freely print the truth without finding themselves too unsettling. They are only leading where the majority will soon be found. Consciously or unconsciously, the press is at work bringing the public back to the reason of which they bereft it. That is a bitter labor for some, no doubt, but it must be endured lest peace come before the foul carcass of the old propaganda is fully interred.

The Last Ditch

THE suffragists of America have brought to the point of completion their colossal task of federal amendment. In superb good temper and with practically frictionless machinery they have secured ratification in states both certain and uncertain. On the Democratic side they have taken Arkansas, Arizona, Missouri, Texas, Utah and Oklahoma; and twenty-seven Republican states could be counted March 1st. But for all this amazing advance they have narrowed the issue down to a handful of states, controlled by the Republicans, and there they are meeting the last ounce of resistance that can be summoned against ratification.

In some ways the spectacle of this resistance might be considered amusing. The Republican governor of Vermont refuses to call a special session and sneers at the unanimous request of the Republican State Committee as "good practical propaganda." In Connecticut the pressure on Governor Holcomb has been steady and persistent, but Governor Holcomb shows a reckless willingness to be interred in the last ditch. Governor Holcomb is a Republican. In Washington Governor Hart agrees, or is said to agree, to call a special session if it can be shown to be absolutely necessary. Governor Hart is also a Republican. Republican Delaware

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remains, with doubt as to its intentions. It is urgent to remove this doubt speedily so that the amendment can be passed and the women of New Hampshire come in on the Presidential primaries.

Such last-ditch resistance might be amusing, particularly by stand-patters, but the nature of the case demands a little reflection. Can the Republicans afford to permit their more petrified state executives to impede the course of ratification? The Republican party has committed itself to suffrage, has promised to ratify, has made its appeal to the woman electors. Is the withholding of ratification to be a Republican distinction?

The Democrats could not ratify, if they wanted to. They have not the power. The Republicans have the power, in Connecticut, Washington, Delaware, Vermont. Their failure to exercise their power will seem supremely serious to the suffrage organizations.

It is impossible for the suffrage organizations to complete their work without a mighty effort on the part of the nation-conscious Republican party. This is a condition of which the suffragists are sharply aware. Will the Republicans who count say the word to Connecticut and Delaware, Vermont and Washington? There are ways of educating state governors, even stubborn state governors. The time for this short course has surely arrived. The 25,000,000 women who are eligible for the vote should scarcely be impeded by the unhappy accident of pride and intolerance in office. Pride goeth before a fall.

Zionism and the Secret Treaty

THERE impends a decision involving the fate of Zionism. The Council of Prime Ministers is at the point of fixing the northern boundary which will mark the frontier between the zone of the British mandate for Palestine and the zone of the French mandate for Syria. Publicly all the Allies are committed to the complete establishment of the Jewish Home. Privately and actually they are caught once again in the snare of a secret treaty, which threatens to dismember the Jewish state and cause enduring friction in the Near East.

The secret treaty is known as the Sykes-Picot agreement. It was entered into while Tsarist Russia was still at war, and it provided for the arbitrary division of the Turkish Empire. Among these arbitrary divisions is a line marking the northern boundary of Palestine. It was drawn accidentally and ignorantly by two diplomatic agents who happened to be in Egypt at the time. One of them, Sir Mark Sykes, is said to have regretted it deeply just before his death. The line starts about four miles south of Acre and is drawn approximately straight east along the northern shore of Lake Tiberias. It was a line drawn by men who were parcelling out lands with a pencil on a map with complete irresponsibility as to the consequences.

What the Sykes-Picot line does is to divide Palestine from Northern Galilee, from the headwaters of the Jordan and Litani rivers. On the possession of these headwaters depends the economic future of Palestine. They are the water supply for irrigation and for fuel. The waters which descend from the crests of Hermon are the necessary engineering power for Palestine. With them, once they are dammed and harnessed, Palestine which now supports about 700,000 can support on a conservative estimate 5,000,000. A territory that can support five million is a national home; a territory deprived of motive power, treeless and dry, is not a national home because it is not a national workshop. It is literally true, therefore, to say that unless Palestine controls the headwaters of the streams which pass through it, the Zionist hope and the Allied promise may be frustrated.

The territory immediately in dispute is the belt lying between the Sykes-Picot line of the secret treaty and the watershed of Litani and Jordan. In that territory lie Jewish colonies, Lake Meron and the towns of Acre, Tyre and Safed. The French claim the belt. They claim it not only in defiance of the plainest dictates of economic geography, but in defiance also of any reasonable political settlement between Syria and Palestine. If they secure the Sykes-Picot line they will have instead of the natural boundary provided by mountain crests a perfectly meaningless boundary in the plains which they must hold against the inevitable resentment and agitation of the Jews.

Why do the French hold out for the secret treaty? Not for military reasons, because the Sykes-Picot line is absurd from the point of view of strategy. They hold out because they wish to weaken the British purchase on the Near East. That and nothing more than that lies at the bottom of the thing. They are working for what they call a balance of power, and under the spell of this ancient fallacy they have come to think that a contented and prosperous Jewry under British protection is less favorable to them than a frustrated and embittered Jewry convinced that French diplomacy, basing itself upon an ignoble secret treaty, has turned back the Jews when they were in sight of the Promised Land. That would be a poor calculation, and before France commits herself irre-

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trievably she would do well to consider prayerfully just where the same sort of policy displayed from Belgium to Vladivostok has led her in the last eighteen months. She would do well also to consider the remark attributed to Marshal Foch when the vast Syrian ambitions were explained by one of the ministers: "Do you expect me," he is reported to have asked, "to hold Syria with my eyebrow?"

What About Our Taxes?

SHOULD Congress proceed forthwith to cut down our burden of taxation? Several million Americans, just now, would be inclined to reply, By all means. Here and there the government may be able to find a taxpayer who gives cheerfully. But most of the men and women who are now working over their income tax schedules, calculating the extent to which they are limited by the demands of the tax collector in their personal expenditures—not as a rule unreasonable expenditures—are far from cheerful about it. While the war was on there was perhaps a solace in the feeling of personal sacrifice for a great cause. The cause remains great, but the emotions it aroused evaporate more rapidly than the bills it left behind. The income tax is a terrible nuisance, millions of us feel. The excess profits tax is also a nuisance, in the eyes of the relatively few who have excess profits to pay on. Not even the dead are much pleased with the inheritance taxes. There are optimists who assure us that taxes could be made agreeable. Again and again you encounter the bland assertion that a sales tax would be highly popular as well as productive. For our part we refuse to believe it. There are burdensome taxes and taxes still more burdensome, but the only taxes that grind nobody are those that enhance the value of objects whose virtue consists mainly in their price, like diamonds and pearls. And such taxes produce scant revenues.

Let us by all means rearrange our burden of taxation so that it may not gall us unnecessarily. There are defects in our excess profits tax law: the definition of capital on which profits are calculated could be improved so as to give relief from the sense of inequality. Perhaps we could develop more systematically our taxation of luxuries and superfluities; perhaps we could place a positive premium upon thrift by well reasoned exemption of savings. But as for reducing the aggregate burden, that is an entirely different matter. Soon or late, we shall have to pay off the sums borrowed for the war. We do not want to go on paying a billion dollars of interest forever. And there is a cogent reason, apart from the saving of interest, for paying the burden off soon rather than late.

That reason is the outstanding fact of price inflation. Prices are now at least eighty per cent above their pre-war level. So are personal incomes. You may not be getting eighty per cent more than you got before the war, but if that is true, it is because somebody else is getting more than eighty per cent. It is just as easy today for the average recipient of income to pay $180 of taxes as it was to pay $100 in 1914. Put it the other way around: you sacrifice no more of the good things of life today when you pay $180 in taxes than you sacrificed in 1914 when you paid $100.

There is no guarantee whatever that the present level of prices and incomes will be maintained indefinitely. In so far as the present prices are a consequence of inflation, they are bound to come down. So also in so far as they are a consequence of underproduction. The world's currencies will get back to a sound footing, sooner or later. And sooner or later the current of production will fill its banks as of old. That may be a matter of five years or ten, and even when the process of readjustment is completed, we may remain somewhat above the pre-war level of prices. But then again, the new level may be lower than the old. It would require a volume to canvass all the forces at work on the price level, and even on the basis of such a volume no one could predict with certainty exactly where prices would rest. But they will come to rest at a much lower level than now prevails.

It follows that every prudent individual and every prudent state will pay off debts as rapidly as possible while prices and incomes are high. It will be just as easy to pay off eighteen billions of our debt in the next five years, if prices remain where they are—and this may not unreasonably be expected—as to pay off ten billions in the succeeding five years, if prices average as before the war—and they well may.

Our national debt rests upon us as a huge burden which in the normal course of events will grow heavier and heavier, unless we proceed resolutely to pay it off. If we were to limit ourselves through five years to the payment of interest alone, we should in all likelihood find ourselves with a debt at least fifty per cent, perhaps one hundred per cent harder to bear. Is this, then, a time for reducing taxation? No, rather for increasing taxation, and at the same time, for holding public expenditures to the lowest level compatible with efficient government. Universal military service and the biggest navy afloat may be inherently desirable things, but for every dollar they divert away from the extinction of the debt we shall later have to pay a dollar harder to get by fifty per cent or more and

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possessed of purchasing power proportionately greater.

Ah, but in five years we shall be a more populous and a richer nation, and hence better able to bear our public burdens. That is the classical argument for postponing indefinitely the payment of public debts. It is the argument which kept alive the British debt contracted in the war against Napoleon until it became merged in the debt contracted in the war against the Kaiser. It is based on the assumption that the richer and the more populous a state becomes, the easier it is to meet current expenses and set aside a surplus for the payment of debt. And that assumption is challenged by the history of every great modern state. For as population and wealth increase, the expenditures of government increase in greater proportion.

America does not desire a perpetual public debt. The war loans will be paid. Shall they be paid, so far as it is at all practicable, now when the payment is relatively easy, or shall they be postponed for a few years until the payment is relatively hard? Those are the practical alternatives before us.

Must The Turk Remain?

THE Turk is to remain in Europe, after all, unless the western democracies can somehow force a revision of policy upon the diplomats. Constantinople must continue to be the foul nest of the schemers and robbers and cut-throats that make up the physical embodiment of the moribund "Turkish Empire." That ancient capital of the Levant, after five centuries of monstrous misuse and barbaric oppression, had at last fallen in trust into the hands of the enlightened statesmen of England, France and Italy. What was the best possible disposition of it? The best they have been able to conceive of is to turn it back to the Turk, diseased to the bone with his own wickedness.

Why? Not because the Turk has a shadow of an ethical claim to rule over Constantinople, or in fact over any part of his forfeited empire except the real Turkish homeland on the Anatolian plateau west of the Cilician Gates. There are plenty of Turks in Constantinople, to be sure. They are almost as numerous as the Greeks of the city. Why should they not be? All the blood sucked by the Sultanate from Asia Minor and Thrace inevitably bred up a swarm of parasites in Constantinople; soldiers, so-called civil service officials, contractors, absentee landlords, petty grafters and beggars. There are, no doubt, Constantinopolitan Turks who subserve a useful function and earn an honest living, but it would perplex a Turcophile seriously to tell just what they do. Produce food for the city? That is done mostly by the Bulgarians. Conduct the trade? That is in the hands of the Greeks and Armenians and Jews. Exercise the handicrafts? No; the Turk is a shadowy minority among those who are in any way engaged in wealth production. He is specialized to the governing business. And in that business he conducts himself at best something like Tammany at its worst and something like the old Camorra of the Italian south. But personally the Turk of Constantinople is an agreeable gentleman, say the travellers who thirst for the interest excited by paradox. Of course he is. Every brigand chief will behave toward you like a gentleman, if you are manifestly eager to condone his crimes.

Not for his merits or deserts is the Turk to receive an extension of his charter of mishandling Constantinople and perpetuating a den of iniquity on the site where a really democratic world would establish one of the richest and happiest of cities. He is to receive such an extension for two reasons, both abominable, of which we are not prepared to say which is the worst. The first is that the western nations, just emerging from the great international enterprise of a desperate war, are so jealous of one another that each fears that a disturbance of the status quo might advantage the others. The city of Zara and its ten thousand people can be made into a free state under the protection of the League of Nations because there is no international interest in Zara worth mentioning. But Constantinople, which could easily become the greatest international entrepot in the world, the distributor of western products for Bulgaria and Rumania and Russia and for the Turkish and Armenian Black Sea littoral, is to be left under Turkish imperialism. Vessels bearing the greater part of the world's export wheat and petroleum, and, sooner or later, of the world's cotton and meat are still to salute the Turkish Crescent as they steam through the Bosphorus; the western peoples are still to watch uneasily the manoeuvres of the great powers, directed toward the ultimate seizure of this vital key to the international treasure house. Nobody can be so unlearned in the lessons of the war as to look with complacency upon the postponement of the solution of the Constantinople problem. The city will not forever remain in the power of the Turks. A rational disposition of it could be made now without a relapse into world war. It can not certainly be made peacefully a generation hence.

The jealousies of the western nations: that is the first reason for leaving the Turk to his evil doing. The sensitiveness of the British and French imperialists to Mohammedan public opinion is the other reason. In India, Mesopotamia, Arabia,

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Egypt, Algiers and Morocco are hundreds of millions of Mohammedans, many of whom are chronically restive under British and French rule. Expulsion of the Caliph from Constantinople would, so it is said, shock them into still greater restiveness. It might, even though a great proportion of those Mohammedans do not recognize the Sultan's pretensions to the Caliphate, and even though they have always hated and despised the Turks as a ruling race. The imperialistic record of the Christian powers is such that any action against a non-Christian state would inevitably arouse suspicion. It would have to be made clear that the expulsion of the Sultan was not a final stage in the struggle of Cross and Crescent, with the profits of exploitation going with the Cross.

And even if this were made clear justice could not be done to Constantinople and the Sultan without a price. In Egypt the nationalist movement is almost wholly Mohammedan, and in India the Mohammedans are actively cooperating with the Hindus in the agitation for national autonomy. Leaving the Sultan in Constantinople would not quell those nationalistic movements, but expelling him would present a good talking point for anti-British propaganda. So much we must grant. No doubt the liberation of Armenia from Turkish rule would furnish another arm for nationalist propaganda.

What then? Because Egyptian and Indian nationalists are looking for propaganda material must the Sultan and the bloodthirsty gang surrounding him be given amnesty for their past crimes? Then they will know that they may engage in further massacres with impunity. For the nationalistic movement will grow stronger, whatever happens to the Sultan and Constantinople. Mohammedan politicians will be on the lookout for propaganda material, and if the Sultan is threatened or restrained, in whatever enterprise he undertakes, an insult to his co-religionists can be made out of it.

But if British rule over India and Egypt could be maintained only at the price of chartered massacres ordered from Constantinople, then every friend of humanity and of England must desire British rule to end at once. The imperialism even of the most liberal nation in the world would be an intolerable thing at the price. But British rule can find for itself other props than the favor of the Sultan. It will have to find such props, anyway, if it is to endure. And the one prop that the spirit of the times recommends is the granting of the maximum practicable concessions to the spirit of nationality.

The Turk ought to be ousted from Constantinople forthwith. It is his only hope, as well as the only hope for happiness for Constantinople and peace for the Levant. There can be no healthy Turkish nationalism until Turkish imperialism has been destroyed and all the abilities of the race are diverted from misgoverning other people to making something out of themselves, in their own homeland of central Asia Minor. As for Constantinople and the European and Asiatic districts essential to the defense of the straits, there is not the least reason why they could not be organized into a free state under international control. That is not an ultimately perfect solution. In the end Constantinople ought to fall to the people whose genius created it and who, in spite of all oppression, have kept it from falling into complete decay, the Greeks. Constantinople is the keystone of the arch of Greek nationality. Possessing it, the Greek communities on both sides of the Aegean would become a unified national domain of modern proportions. The basis would be laid for a genuine renascence of Greek life.

It will be said that Greece has not the political competence to undertake so great a responsibility as the control of Constantinople. It would be miraculous if she had, with a majority of her people only just now liberated from Turkish slavery. The greatest statesman of antiquity, Themistocles, admitted that he could not have become great without Athens for a stage. The Greeks of today have lacked a stage appropriate to greatness, yet they have known how to appraise Venezelos. Give them the hope of future greatness that a free state of Constantinople would signify. If the national genius then fails to awaken, it is dead. But what will be lost by the experiment? Some other final disposition of Constantinople will have to be made, not an ideal one perhaps, but none could be so abominable as leaving it to the Turk.

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Enforcing The Treaty

EVEN a cautious observer of British public opinion would say with confidence that, so far as this country is concerned, the Treaty of Versailles is already morally dead. The Labor party declared for its revision long before it had been signed. Our Liberal leaders are not pioneers of thought, and for nearly a year they kept their council. The timid silence has been broken with pent-up vehemence during the historic Paisley election. Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon have both been reading the epoch-making book of Mr. Maynard Keynes, and in their speeches it has served them as a brief. Lord Robert Cecil, by far the ablest and sincerest mind outside the Labor party in our politics today, was prompter than the Liberal leaders in his declarations, and no less bold.

To complete this map of English opinion, we need only cite the sudden, official lapse into candor of the Foreign Secretary himself. Lord Curzon told the Peers, before Paisley polled, that there is much in the Treaty which must be revised. But indeed this movement of thought is by no means insular. While the Paisley election has served to focus British opinion, we have from Mr. Secretary Glass a decided expression of opinion in favor of moderation in fixing the indemnity, while Signor Nitti in the Italian Chamber has made an appeal for appeasement and reconciliation in Europe, which ranges official Italy in the same camp. The distant prospect begins to brighten for Europe. The brief moment of elation and insolence which followed the armistice is over. In every Allied country, save France, the experience of our own economic trials has brought a certain comprehension of the infinitely graver plight of Central Europe, and a longing for a genuine peace which begins to resemble the chastened wisdom of the dark months that preceded victory.

The prospect of attaining a durable peace some years hence, when it may be possible for the League of Nations to undertake the revision of the Treaty, has always seemed to me but moderately reassuring. It is the next two years which will be critical for Europe. If it can survive the present inferno for so long, if it can live unaided even for two years, within the framework of these Treaties, then either its vitality is sounder, or the Treaties are less deadly than most of us suppose. One cannot conceive the initial miracle of restarting industry and restoring currency under the handicap of these fantastic indemnities, these hampering tributes of coal, these uncounted mortgages, which paralyze energy and ruin credit. I have vivid personal memories of last winter in Vienna, and its present plight is worse than anything that I saw. One or two more such winters might ease the problem of rescue, but only because there would be little left to save. It is, moreover, during the first year of peace that the total amount of the German indemnity must be fixed by the Reparation Commission, and, by some magic of which the secret is still locked in the bosoms of the Supreme Four, the impossible sum of 20,000 million golden marks ($4,000,000,000) must somehow be extracted by May, 1921, from a nation which can barely provide siege rations of food and fuel for its own urgent needs. The leisurely revision will come too late.

While public opinion slowly ripens to sanity, the inexorable time table of the Treaty is forcing upon us a crisis which may lead us to prompt decisions. The demand for the surrender of the "war-criminals," while it sharpened the latent conflict between British and French policy, also gave to Herr Noske and the old military party an ascendancy in Germany itself, which they would have lost forever had the Treaty been a less intolerable instrument of strangulation. Grave as it is, this issue was only one of several which await us. Will the armed forces of Germany, raised to cope with Spartacus and maintained to meet the risk of social revolution, be reduced to the low minimum of 100,000 for which the Treaty provided? Will the spirit of resistance, which accumulates under the sharp spur of these two demands, remain passive, if Upper Silesia should fall, under the plebiscite, to Poland? If the Allies yield, and modify demands which ought never to have been framed, can they retain the prestige and the solidarity to enforce the rest of the Treaty? Had they originally drafted their Treaty in the spirit of the Fourteen Points, they would have given to the progressive and democratic forces in Germany an assured lease of life. If they yield now to a resistance, which, however reasonable it may be, inevitably gathers round the personalities of Noske and Ludendorff, they concede a success to the least desirable element in Germany.

The history of the demand for the surrender of the generals makes a curious study in national character. The original author of this policy was Mr. Lloyd George. No British statesman of the first rank has ever had his sure instinct for divining

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the mind of our people in its lower strata, and candor forces us to admit that the idea of dragging the Kaiser to London, like a captive in a Roman triumph, was for one brief moment as popular in village inns and music halls, as it was odious to people who think more soberly. There is a hard Puritan strain in the Anglo-Saxon character which leads it to attach a mystic value to punishment. This mood passed quickly, and it has vanished today. Mr. George, as volatile as he is sensitive, has now lost interest in a policy which has served its immediate purpose of vote-catching. The French, on the other hand, are neither Puritans nor sentimentalists. They have never posed as the executives of divine justice, and their views on international morals and law are apt to be cynical and realistic. They were frankly amused by Mr. George's exploitation of Old Testament morality for the purposes of electioneering, but with their usual shrewdness they saw in it "their affair." They were always of two minds as to whether the demand itself could be attained, but in either event they saw its uses. It fitted into their general European system. If the Anglo-Saxon peoples lapse into momentary vindictiveness, it is under the influence of passion, and the fit will pass. The Latin mind, though much more vehement and articulate in expression, is in reality colder and more calculating. When the French proposed in cold blood, fifteen months after the end of the fighting, to bring nine hundred leading members of the German governing class to trial, with the prospect presumably that many would be shot and the rest imprisoned, they had a definite purpose in view. In all their future dealings with the beaten foe, they rely on intimidation as the one efficient instrument of policy. They accept as a fatality the eternal enmity of the two races, and in the hour of victory it seems a tolerable burden. They say, as every people says about its enemy, that he understands nothing but force. They go on, with their ruthless logic, to disregard his feelings and his instincts as though he were an untamable brute.

It is needless and useless to point out to them that they are preparing a heritage of revenge. They know it; they prepare for it; their high courage rather enjoys than dreads the risk. Their main concern is with the payment of the indemnity. They tell us that they intend (as M. Millerand says in every speech) to exact the last pfennig of money and the last ton of coal. That means that a numerous and once formidable people must be kept for a generation at forced labor, working in its compound, to pay a tribute to its jailer. The French are much too shrewd to suppose that any white people will voluntarily wear a yoke so heavy. When prisoners of war refuse to work, the customary expedient is to shoot one in ten. It is the continual use of similar methods of intimidation that this French Nationalist school has in mind. The retention of the prisoners of war for a year after the armistice was one of these methods. The repeated additions to the lists of locomotives, ploughs, cattle, cranes and dredgers, exacted since the surrender, was another. But of all these expedients the demand for the nine hundred "war-criminals" was clearly the most drastic and the most effective. In the first place, to have under lock and key, for some years at least, all the leading generals of the German army would have been a "real" guarantee. In the second place, a people that submitted to this, would have lost its manhood and its spirit in the process. It is the method of the lion-tamer. If it had succeeded, the German nation would have been reduced to abject obedience for some years to come, and a good deal of the indemnity might have been extracted.

The French, however, were much too shrewd to reckon on the certainty of success. Indeed, one wonders (and the leaders in the Temps suggest this reflection) whether the list was not made impossibly oppressive, in order to ensure a reprisal. Treaties are useful when they are observed: they may be even more useful when they are broken. M. Millerand, without even waiting for the moral rejection of the Allied demand, put in a claim for compensation. Basing himself on what seems to be a strained and perverse interpretation of the letter of the Treaty, he announced that the obligation to evacuate the Rhine Provinces after fifteen years, had already lapsed, through the non-fulfillment of the Treaty.

One suspects that, whatever may be said in the Chamber, French politicians really know too much about economics and too much about human nature, to believe in the possibility of combining the ruin of German industry with the payment of a maximum indemnity. On the ruin they are resolutely bent, for it ensures them against another war. If they cannot get the fantastic indemnity which they claim, they hold the Rhineland as a pledge. The one serious defect of French diplomacy in the drafting of the Treaty was its failure to complete the dismemberment of Germany. The project has never been abandoned. The Paris press has kept it alive, and the commanders on the spot have promoted it by a mixture of intimidation and intrigue. M. Millerand has openly revived it, and the leader-writers, who rarely go far without inspiration, have begun once more to talk of a neutral Rhine state under French protection. Under a skilfully devised tariff system, this

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solution might prove more profitable to French financiers if not of France, than the indemnity, and it would complete the economic and therefore the military ruin of Germany. The French are not sentimentalists who will risk much for the momentary pleasure of indicting Hindenburg before a French court-martial. They are realists who pursue much larger and concreter schemes.

If the aberrations in the Versailles Treaty were the effect of a momentary passion, one might reckon that when passions cool, revision will be possible. What confronts us is not passion, but a consistent, logical system. It is built on the disarming of the enemy, and the arming of all his neighbors, on the Balkanization of Central Europe, on the creation of a ring of satellite states linked in a plan of strategic and economic encirclement. The militarization of Poland under French guidance is a sufficiently dangerous illustration of this system. It is not the worst. The French have now done what we chose to say the Germans might one day do. They are arming Africa. A permanent system of universal military service has now been established by two decrees over all the French African Colonies. It imposes service with the colors for three years, of which two are normally to be spent in Europe. The idea comes near to a revival of the slave trade, and it will drench these colonies in blood. These troops are valuable, however, for they know no pity, and they are immune from Red propaganda. They supply the means of supporting French military ascendancy in those little wars, for which both French and British conscript troops show an increasing repugnance. The system has found an appropriate arm.

The moment one begins to envisage revision in detail one encounters the obstacle of French strategic geography. Mr. Hoover lately said (to take one illustration) what the rest of us have often said, that it is idle to do much for Austria, until she is allowed to unite with the German Republic. The French veto on that union was not based on passion. To permit it would be to shatter the entire strategic system. To those of us who think politically, it would seem to be a positive safeguard to peace to include this little nation, whose sufferings have made it more resolutely pacifist than a Quaker meeting, in the German Republic. Strategy thinks otherwise. It would give Germany common frontiers with Italy and Hungary. It would open her commercial road to the East. It would break the barbed wire fence. Though pity reinforces every honest argument drawn from the doctrine of "self-determination," this is the last point on which France can yield. Her strategy pivots on it. Hers is the last word, for one vote in the Council of the League of Nations suffices, by the Covenant, to veto in such a question as this.

No movement of opinion which is confined to the United States, Great Britain and Italy will carry us far on the road to revision. This rigid French system stands in the way. It may break down by its own extravagance. Poland, if she is really foolhardy enough to challenge a Muscovite invasion, may be the first link in the chain to snap. Negro conscription may yield more rebellions than battalions. If the system breaks in this way, its successor will be anarchy. There are, it seems to me, two ways only of promoting the contrary system on which the League of Nations is based. One of them would be through the floating of an international loan on terms, through financial aid conditional on the revision of the Treaty. In that plan only the United States could lead. The other plan depends on a frank intimation by the other Allies to France, that if she pursues her system she must face the risks of it alone. She provokes the resentment and plans the ruin of half a continent, only because she reckons on the armed support certainly of Britain and, perhaps, of America, in every dangerous emergency. There is just one risk which she will never face, and that is isolation. To this we shall eventually come, but it threatens ill blood and appalling risks. The method of financial pressure is safer and more constructive.

H. N. Brailsford.

A Master

In October, 1916, the Eagle Theatre in Copenhagen began its season of repertory under the leadership of Carl Sanden.

His success as a director was immediate. From the night of his astonishing première of The Freemen his authority was never questioned for a moment. You came to his theatre almost as a pilgrim comes to the Holy Land; there you took part in a life larger and clearer than your own, kaleidoscopic, passionate, and yet serene. It was like sharing the experience of a dear friend, older than you and wiser; it was like coming home. Why was it that you felt so enlarged and exalted? You never knew; but sometimes there it was as if the light of another world shone for you for a while.

Sanden's pupils give us a curious picture of his work and his presence. All his life he was lame, a cripple. He never could walk. He never could live like other people. But his spirit danced. He poured all his burning desire to live in a profound creation of life on his stage. He made plays live.

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He studied living things with a strange intentness. He studied people, their bodies, their movements. He understood people, saw through them, saw above them. He would spend hours on end watching groups of men and women, in shops, in restaurants, workmen digging, builders—watching their changing unconscious attitudes, watching a common impulse group and regroup them unconsciously in its ever-shifting, invisible plan. They gave themselves away to him in every attitude, every tone of the voice, every gesture. Men seemed to him like sleepwalkers, moving in a kind of trance, guided and possessed by a spirit that showed itself to them only in moments of vision. When Ysaye played for him, it was not Ysaye the violinist, not a man playing music, it was a real music-being, the soul of music made manifest in movement: Music, as it were, playing Man.

In his directing he spoke straight to the spirit. He was impatient of all superficial technique, of all mere brilliance in acting. His players were never bizarre, never obtrusive; they were like children; transparent, humble. Sanden induced a creative ecstacy in which all things seemed possible. Under his inspiration they transcended themselves. The dramatist's divine idea went through them like a light. They got the spirit of it. They were *in the spirit.* Inflections, attitudes, groupings, came to them inevitably, it seemed. They were tranced in the pattern of the play. You hardly saw them as persons; it was life you saw; your own life, set on the stage before you—no longer confused, but ordered and spacious and clear; your own dream, come true.

In less than three years, Sanden became the acknowledged master of our western theatre. In these fragments from one of his letters we catch a glimpse of his curious other-world vision:

> Wherever groups of men come together in a common purpose, marching or working or singing together, whenever their bodies and wills are merged in a common body and will, moved by a common desire, whether for play or warfare or worship, a new being is created,—a living being, with a personality of its own, with characteristic movements, impulses, aspirations, a group-body, a group-soul . . . A chorus, an orchestra, a strike, an army, a city, is as truly a living organism as you or I. All around us, above us, through us, as we go about our personal lives, these group-beings live and grow; they dominate and transcend us. We are the corpuscles that flow in their blood. They are the real players in the drama of life. They move, gigantic elemental shapes, in patterns of their own, in the great movements of day and night, and the winds and the tides. Somewhere the poet of the theatre will see them and command them as the ancients commanded the elementals of legend. . . .

ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

The New Alliance— Farm and Factory

MR. C. H. GUSTAFSON is President of the Farmers' Union of Nebraska, a cooperative buying and selling organization of forty thousand members which did a business last year of $85,000,000. Mr. Warren S. Stone is Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, one of the main pillars of the railway unions whose aggregate membership exceeds two millions and whose national treasuries hold some $42,000,000. These two men were the central figures in the All-American Farmer-Labor Cooperative Congress that met in Chicago on Lincoln's Birthday. The forces they represented, the problems their minds were grappling and the methods they advocated were typical of the forces, problems and methods of the scores of producers' and consumers' organizations represented in this remarkable assembly.

These men had not met to draft a political platform nor were they looking for a Presidential candidate whose name might serve in lieu of a platform. They were grappling with problems national in scope, but they were not relying upon any political machine to solve them. Their object was a straight business and financial alliance between the organized farmers and organized labor for the solution of their common problems as producers and consumers,—and, incidentally, for the solution of the identical problems for the producing consumers of the nation.

Discontent with current economic and social conditions is popularly associated with the industrial workers, especially with organized labor. The daily press makes unrest synonymous with strikes. Increased wages, shortened hours, limited output on the part of trade unionists are conventionally set down as the principal causes of the high cost of living. During the hearings on the Esch-Cummins railroad bill, certain officials of the Grange and other national farmers' organizations joined with organized business in this indictment of organized labor. The impression conveyed was that the unreasoning and unreasonable agitation of the industrial workers had ranged all the rest of the nation against them.

Mr. Gustafson and the other representatives of farmers' organizations at the Cooperative Congress disassociated themselves from this indictment. According to them, unrest among the farmers is quite as intense as among the wage workers and the cause of the unrest in the two groups is identical. According to them, the farmers receive an unreasonably small part of the price which

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the consumer pays for farm products,—an unreasonably small part of the value of their labor; they pay for their manufactured goods prices unreasonably disproportionate to the wages paid the industrial workers. Their inference is that both farm and industrial producers are underpaid, that both suffer from the extortions of the middlemen, that both are victims of a profiteering business and financial system. Their conclusion is that the organized farmers and organized labor are natural allies, that they have a common interest in direct trading and the pooling of their financial resources and credits for the support and promotion of joint cooperative enterprises.

Direct trading between the organized farmers and organized consumers is an old idea, but hitherto no satisfactory means has been developed for putting it into practice. For years its advocates have staked their hope on the development of consumers' cooperatives patterned after the Rochdale cooperative stores of Great Britain. But the Rochdale cooperatives have been slow to take root in America. They have been unable to meet the competition of the department stores, the mail order houses, the trustified chain stores, the great food gathering and distributing packing companies. They have been hampered by hostile legislation and an unsympathetic banking and credit system. The farmers organized into producers' and sellers' cooperatives have repeatedly offered to deliver their produce at the town and city gates, but hitherto no direct trading consumers' organization has appeared at the gates to meet them.

Rather, none had appeared until last autumn when a consumers cooperative of the first magnitude turned up in an altogether unexpected quarter. It was not a Rochdale cooperative in the strict sense. It was such a marked variant from the pure type as to alarm the orthodox. It was nothing less than a trade union, self-transformed under pressure of necessity into a wholesale and retail consumers' cooperative organization.

The United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and Railway Shop Laborers is a a body of men who have historically been among the poorest paid and most difficult to organize of all railway workers. Before the war, according to their officers, many of them received as little as ninety cents for a twelve to sixteen hour day. For nine years they received no wage increase. Even now, more than one hundred thousand of them get less than three dollars a day. In an address to the public, their President, Mr. A. E. Barker, says that "instead of being supplied with the necessaries of life, a large majority of them are unable to clothe, feed and school their children, they are living in want and penury, many of their families barefooted in winter, simply because of an insufficient wage or the exhorbitant cost of living which has been permitted to go unchecked." Before the war, the dues-paying membership of the Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees totaled about eighteen thousand. Section hands, bridgeworkers, trackmen, scattered about one to the mile of road, intimidated by the anti-union policy of their employers, were afraid to organize. During the war, when the Railroad Administration granted freedom to organize, these men, who for so many years had been "protected against the intimidation of agitators," flocked into their union at such a rate that the dues-paying membership of the United Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees and Railway Shop Laborers is now three hundred and eighty odd thousand.

Last summer, after long and fruitless negotiations with the Railroad Administration, they decided to strike. At that time their program was the conventional program of all pure and simple trade unions,—organize, demand, strike. President Wilson intervened, asked them to recall their strike order, promised that Mr. Palmer would get after the profiteers and force down the cost of living. The men deferred to the President, with the understanding that if within sixty days the cost of living had not been reduced their appeal for a substantial wage increase would be heard. The cost of living did not drop. Again the men prepared to strike. Again the President intervened. Again the strike order was recalled.

But this time, it was not the President's promises that stayed them. Under pressure of their necessity they had hit upon an idea that made them reluctant to waste their funds on a strike, an idea that was actually accomplishing what the Administration had failed to accomplish. By paying dues of from one dollar to a dollar and a quarter a month, they had accumulated several million dollars in their national treasury. A week of strike benefits to four hundred thousand men would have wiped this fund out. For strike purposes it was insignificant; as working capital, it was formidable. They decided to use it to convert their national headquarters into a great cooperative manufacturing, buying and distributing organization and their twenty-four hundred local lodges into cooperative buying clubs. They entered into large scale agreements with certain great clothing manufacturers by which they were able to clothe their members, their wives and children at a trifle above manufacturing cost. They invested more than a million and a quarter in glove, cap,

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stocking and underwear factories. Within a few months they were supplying themselves with practically all their clothing at from thirty to sixty per cent below the going retail market price: They now pay $1.41 for gloves for which they had paid $2.50. The underwear factory which they took over had been selling certain garments to jobbers for $9.50 a dozen. For these same garments, the retailer asked $2.00 a piece. They now get these garments at the jobbers' rate plus parcel post or express charges which makes the price to them about $1.25 a garment. Their method is the method of the mail order houses except that they manufacture for themselves on a non-profit basis.

Overnight, they almost doubled the number of consumers' cooperative buying clubs in existence before the war and had established a consumers' cooperative wholesale of first magnitude. According to Grand President A. E. Barker and Assistant Grand President O. C. Trask, who together are mainly responsible for the innovation, there is nothing unusual about the idea except its extreme simplicity and its freedom from metaphysical formulas. It has worked so well in clothing that they intend to extend it to all of the items in the worker's family budget, except, for the time being, rent and light and heat. This is where the farmers come in.

Already this Brotherhood has initiated negotiations with cooperative groups of cotton and wool growers for their supplies of yarn. The national headquarters of the Maintenance of Way Employees is in Detroit; a large number of the farmers of Michigan belong to the Gleaners, a cooperative organization which not only controls enormous supplies of fruit and vegetables, but owns and operates its own canneries. These farmers see in the membership of the Brotherhood, which represents a consuming population of a million and a half, a first rate direct market. Arrangements are pending by which the Brotherhood will supply the Gleaners with the surplus output of their factories at cost plus a per cent that will keep the retail price considerably below the going market, and by which the Gleaners in turn will supply the Brotherhood with canned goods on the same cost plus basis, each side reserving the right to audit the other's books. Similar negotiations are pending with the farmers' organizations in the corn, wheat, cattle and dairying sections.

What the Maintenance of Way Men have done, the other Railroad Brotherhoods, with their aggregate membership of more than two millions representing a consuming population of almost ten millions and with more than $42,000,000 in their national treasuries believe they can do. Other great unions like the machinists and clothing makers are interested. What the Gleaners of Michigan are doing, the Farmers' Union and the Society of Equity and other farmers' cooperative organizations can do. The idea of the Maintenance of Way Men has come to be one of the recognized bonds of the alliance which the organized farmers and the organized workers framed in Chicago.

It was one of the ideas which mainly interested such leaders as Gustafson and Stone. But it was not the main idea. For these men, like most of those who attended the Congress, hold the further idea that the development of direct trading, of cooperative production and distribution, will inevitably arouse the antagonism of competitive business and that their cooperative enterprises will soon be in jeopardy unless the organized farmers and workers establish a banking and credit organization under their own direct control. Today the funds of the unions are in the keeping of the very business groups that, men like Stone believe, have a natural interest in the failure of these cooperative, non-profit undertakings. Mr. Stone's statement before the Congress was: "The railroad brotherhoods have $42,000,000 now on deposit in banks. And the interest on those funds is being used to fight the group who deposited the money." The farmers shouted Amen to this statement. It was for this reason that the report of the Committee on Banking and Credits was received with peculiar attention. The report as adopted endorses the credit union movement as exemplified in the laws of Massachusetts, New York and North Carolina, urges the development of credit unions in all states whose laws permit them and advocates enabling legislation in all other states. Its most important paragraphs create a permanent committee of the All-American Farmer-Labor Cooperative Commission to advise upon "the incorporation of banks to be established by cooperative labor and farmer organizations throughout the different states" . . . and "empowered to encourage the establishment of national or state banks . . . to be affiliated with the Federal Reserve banks wherever possible" with funds belonging to the trade and farmers' unions. The members of this standing committee are Warren S. Stone, C. H. Gustafson, George P. Hampton, managing director of the Farmers' National Council, Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, and Frank A. Rust, secretary-manager of the Seattle Labor Bank. To these men the Congress entrusted the task of welding firm the alliance between the organized farmers and organized wage workers on a cooperative basis.

The Congress was singularly free of political

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oratory. Except for a unanimous demand for a two year extension of government operation of the railroads and hot opposition to the guarantee of dividends to the private owners provided in the Esch-Cummins bill, no interest was manifested in state ownership. On the contrary, the Congress was strong for economic self-government by organized groups federated for the purposes of economic and financial cooperation. The word socialism was not heard during three long days of consecutive conferences. In all the addresses, faith in the federal government as an agency of social and economic amelioration was at a discount. The attention of the delegates was focused upon the direct control of the country's economic system by groups of producers and consumers operating as cooperative societies or unions. In this way, rather than through the channels of state socialism, they hope slowly to transform America into a cooperative commonwealth. ROBERT W. BRUÈRE.

Korea

ALMOST a year ago the Koreans arose in rebellion against the rigid military rule of Japan. The uprising was decisively crushed by Japanese armed force. Then by way of pacification Japan promised and partly instituted a civil administration and a program of reforms. Here are all the materials for settlement, but no settlement. There is no peace in Korea now. There is no prospect of peace in the near future. Unrest prevails everywhere, with demonstrations and outbreaks at frequent intervals. And this is only a lull before the greater storm that is almost certain to break over the whole country in the spring. The Koreans are irreconcilable. They are uncompromisingly determined to force the issue on their demand for independence. The outlook, then, is for an unceasing warfare of attrition, with passive resistance on one side and military force on the other. There is no doubt about that in the mind of any one living in Korea or spending even a fleeting day there.

Why? Why, in the face of the Koreans' apparent success in their uprising, in the face of the reforms that have been promised them, reforms greater than they would have dared to hope for a year ago? And why, especially, when in the nature of things they can have no hope of attaining their end, however great the sacrifices? First, because those reforms have not yet materialized. Second, because the Koreans are unshakably convinced they never will materialize. Third, and most important, because the Koreans have been embittered beyond possibility of reconciliation by the ruthlessness with which the Japanese crushed their revolt: the atrocities of the troops during the demonstrations, the torturing of thousands of prisoners and suspects after the demonstrations—all of which, it should be said, is no longer disputed even by the Japanese. The Koreans are moved now by only one impulse—hate; a hate so universal and intense and unreasoning as to be awesome; race hatred in its most extreme and dangerous form. The question is not whether this is justified in the extreme to which it goes, the question is not whether or not it is wise, taking into account the ultimate good of both peoples. Right or wrong, it exists. It is the pivot on which the whole situation turns, the factor by which the relation of the Korean and Japanese peoples will be modified, at least in this generation.

The first cause is a simple issue of fact. Fair promises have come repeatedly both from Tokio and the Governor-General in Seoul, but the reforms have been slight. What relief there has been has served only to throw into higher light the lack of any change of real value, and such as it is it has been hedged about with so many reservations as to be wellnigh meaningless. The basic grievances of the Koreans remain untouched. They are still at the mercy of the military officials and of the numberless police. The most minute phases of their existence are still in the absolute control of a multitudinous and autocratic bureaucracy: 17,000 officials for a population of 17,000,000, compared with 1,200 in India for a population of 300,000,000. They are still denied newspapers of their own; announcement has been made that permission will be given for three newspapers in the Korean language to be published, but that, too, is in the future, and further nothing has been said about lifting the present absolute ban on expression of opinion or publication of current world news. They are still arrested for the most harmless phrase that can be construed as seditious; true, it has been announced that freedom of speech will be granted, but, as Governor-General Saito said in an interview with the writer, that will only be after enough officials have been sufficiently trained in the Korean language to be able to be present at public meetings and report to the government what is

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said. Korean schools are still compelled to use the Japanese language as the medium of instruction, to use only Japanese textbooks and to be directed almost exclusively by Japanese teachers. The Koreans are still without a voice in the affairs of their own governance. In no essential has there been sign of change. It may be admitted that the new administration has been in power only six months and that that is not long, as officialdom counts time. But at least concrete evidence of bona fides might have been given before this; in a situation so tense it would be the part of wisdom to put speed above thoroughness.

The skepticism naturally resulting is only fresh addition to the skepticism of Japanese good faith that is the first article in every Korean's creed. Japan has promised reforms before, the Korean will tell you. It promised them when it established the protectorate over Korea. It promised them when it annexed Korea. It promised them again and again, whenever events in Korea drew the attention of the Western world. Never has it fulfilled the promise, the Korean will tell you, and he does not believe, he is convinced beyond argument, that it will not fulfill the promise now. And he is not without evidence on which to base his conviction. While the writer was in Korea a few weeks ago arrests were still being made by hundreds throughout the country, the prisoners being held without formal charge or trial, and suspects were still being tortured to extract evidence. Of the latter there can be no doubt; the writer saw newly released men with the marks still on their bodies and in the American mission hospitals in Seoul and Pyeng Yang there were patients recovering from the effects of their mistreatment. It is more likely than not that these acts are committed without the consent or even the cognizance of the government, for the petty military officialdom has not been changed, but it is not to be expected that this should weigh heavily in the minds of the Koreans. They know they are the acts of Japanese.

More important, however, than what the Japanese are doing or not doing, are the indications they are giving of their mental attitude, of the light in which they are approaching the problem of restoring peace. Here is a concrete instance. October 31st is the birthday of the Emperor of Japan. The day is observed in all Japanese territory with semi-religious fervor. Last October the new reform administration had been in power in Korea only a few weeks. It had come in with lofty pronouncements of reconstruction and of a new era. It had come in almost with an air of penance, for the excesses of the military administration in quelling the uprising had produced unfavorable popular reaction even in Japan. Feeling was still high. The Koreans were bitter—bitter with the chagrin of defeat, with the memory of the manner in which that defeat was inflicted and with the humiliation of having to live with and under their conquerors. It was the new administration's first test, its first opportunity to make the gesture of reconciliation. How did it do it? It compelled every Korean home, every Korean shop, to fly the Japanese flag, squads of police going from door to door to see the order enforced or arrest the occupant. It compelled many towns that had suffered most to hold public celebrations, including the performance of the Oriental obeisance to the Emperor's picture. It compelled the children in all the Korean schools to hear the Imperial rescript read and then sing the Japanese national anthem in the presence of uniformed Japanese officers. And in the case of a Christian mission school in Songdo the American principal was taken to police headquarters and subjected to a five-hour cross-examination because the officer present had reported that "some pupils sang without vim." Is it strange, then, that the Koreans are skeptical of the intentions of a government whose spirit is thus revealed? And in all impartiality, if that is a true reflection of its capacity for understanding, is much really to be expected of it—much of success, at any rate, in dealing with a situation so delicate and so complicated with imponderables?

There you have the nub of the problem of Korea, at bottom a psychological problem. On the Japanese side a complete failure to understand, a failure to anticipate or even recognize the natural reactions of a subject people or to deal with them otherwise than with the bludgeon and bayonet—a failure of clumsiness rather than of evil purpose and an inevitable defect in a militaristic government. And on the Korean side a sense of wrong aggravated and hardened to lasting bitterness. Now the racial animosity between the Japanese and the Koreans is no matter of a few years' growth. It is rooted centuries back in history. But it had softened with time, and when Japan annexed Korea ten years ago so low had Korea sunk in decay under its own sovereignty and so great were the possibilities of benefit under a wisely tempered alien rule, that permanent accord between the two peoples could easily have been established then. In those ten years, however, the animosity has been freshened and sharpened. They have been for Korea ten years of oppression, of subjection to an absolute military dictatorship. Under Japan's policy of assimilation—a policy which has not been renounced even now—the Koreans have had foreshadowed the forcible death of their language, their culture and their race identity. And added to the

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cumulative effect of these grievances is the terrible memory of the Japanese jackboot last March. A chasm was dug then between the two peoples. It was dug by the excesses of the troops and the cruelty of the government. And it cannot be bridged by reforms. Only to foreigners in Korea does the question of reforms seem of any importance. The Koreans give it barely a thought. They do not want reforms and will not be satisfied with reforms. They say it is too late for compromise. They want independence, or at least freedom from Japanese rule. It is not a new birth of nationalism that moves them, it is hate. It is not reasonable perhaps, but they are acting on impulse and not reason. And however good the grounds on which Japan may plead that other powers have perpetrated wrongs in their colonial possessions and that it has offered to make amends for this one; nobody who knows the history of Korea in the last year can doubt that the Koreans are only human if they are unreasonable.

The result is a dilemma and will be a tragedy. In the near future, at least, independence is for the Koreans a futile hope. They have not the power to win it for themselves. Certainly, Japan will not give it to them voluntarily. The best that Japan can be expected to do is grant a more liberal form of government, and this is no longer effectual to restore peace. Yet there is the obvious injustice in a nation's being forced to live by virtue of conquest under another nation which is repulsive to it for reasons that can be justified. But this also should be said: if by some miracle Korea should win its freedom tomorrow, the Korean problem would be far from solved. Only ten years have passed since Korea lost its national integrity because of its failure to govern itself. Korea's best friends admitted then that foreign intervention was necessary in the interests of the Koreans themselves. Korea's best friends admit today that there has not been sufficient change since then to warrant confidence that it could maintain a stable government now. The old corrupt and degenerate official classes are dying out, it is true, and a new generation is growing up that has had contact with modern ideas. Also it is true that a new patriotism and national consciousness have been born of the suffering of the last ten years. But not enough of the old have died and not enough of the new have grown to maturity. And the great mass of the population is still of the ignorant peasant class, centuries behind a sense of political responsibility. The ideal solution, of course, is also the pathetic hope that fills the breast of every Korean, that the League of Nations will take up Korea's case, give it justice and lend it protection until it reaches political maturity. In the light of contemporary European politics that hope can be dismissed without comment. There remains only the futile circle: The Koreans cannot possibly live in harmony with the Japanese, they cannot win their independence, they are hardly ready to exercise it if they could. In the meantime, until the circle is broken by the course of whatever events are to come, there will be strife, bloodshed, sacrifice and suffering. Needless human waste undoubtedly, but under the logic of the nationalistic system equally inevitable.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Dreams

. . . The holy rood
Turn us every dream to good

I wonder, do we haunt it with our dreams,
That old, half-ruined castle by the sea?
Do we, as restless ghosts, go up and down
Through the deserted rooms? And when the gale,
In fury, piles the seaweed on the rocks
And drives the screaming gulls about the tower
Where, all the winter through, no foot will come
(Unless that long-dead seneschals should pace
And mutter on their accustomed rounds once more,
Or dainty satin slippers, long since dust,
Whisper at midnight to the crumbling stairs
Of meetings in the turret overhead,
When eyes, as loth as yours to part, were pressed
To lips as hot as mine with unshed tears)—
Do we drift in and out upon the wind?

I wonder, have returning fishermen
Seen, in the moonless hush of summer nights,
(And crossed themselves at seeing) my long hair
Blown by a wind of dreams against your face
In that forgotten garden? Ah, who knows?
Perhaps the old men tell about the fire
Of that poor lady that they often see,
Who laughs and talks and plucks the scarlet flowers
And holds them out as though one walked with her,
"And she alone. God help us! All alone
And desolate the creature. Rest her soul!"

AN CARTACH.

Helen of Troy

She rose up on the walls, Helen of Troy,
Her white arms gleamed down on me in the plain
Of Ilion, thick-haunted of the slain
For her dear sake. "Now they who were but toy
Of the gods and choked Scamander's bed, my queen,
For the smile that snared your lover, have they no share
In your heart's grief and have you no tear for their
Fair lives, and they unloved of you and unseen?"

I could have spoken so but that I drew
Too near and understood. And her beauty ran
Through me like a sunbeam and a sword, and few
And none seemed then the heroes' host whose span
Was cut for her. I said, "There is no man,
Helen of Troy, but that may die for you."

EDWARD SAPIR.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Policy of Our Papers

SIR: Workers in Kirschbaum's, one of the largest men's clothing shops in the city, have been on strike since December 1st. The case is the most rudimentary question of wages and collective bargaining. In November, when the union shops won a six dollar increase, these poorly paid, unorganized workers appointed a committee to represent them and asked for a five-dollar advance. The firm refused to meet this committee, and ignored the demand. As their discontent rose under this treatment, the workers, mostly Italians, turned for help to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. For two weeks the union held back the thoroughly aroused men and women, while it tried further negotiations with the firm. The firm at last offered a three-dollar wage increase and restated its intention never to deal with its organized workers. The workers then struck strongly.

Since December 1st more than fifty workers have been arrested and held on charges that the court later dismissed; girls, fourteen and fifteen years old, who were earning eight dollars a week, have been set on by mounted police; all picketing has been forcibly prevented. This is usual enough. And Philadelphia is, moreover, one of the few cities left in which the men's clothing workers are not dealing through collective bargaining with ninety-eight per cent of the manufacturers. Kirschbaum has been the backbone of opposition to union organization.

The point is that the Philadelphia papers have set up a boycott against all news of the strike. Furthermore, every paper in the city has refused a paid advertisement setting forth the strikers' side of the struggle, while they have carried large advertisements from Kirschbaum calling for workers to break the strike and representing the conditions of work as perfect. Further than that, three leading papers had signed a contract with the Amalgamated for the strikers' advertisement; the day before it was to be run the union was notified that the contract was cancelled.

Newspaper men here admit that the policy of their papers now is to close their sheets even to conservative union news. Clearly this is a dangerous policy. So far the result of the policy of "discouraging labor agitation," as they say, is not as one might expect, the discouragement of workers who are new to organization and are just reaching out toward the simplest economic thoughts. The result is a cynicism toward the press and the other influences which they see against them. This is not a wholesome feeling for large numbers of strongly organized workers to harbor.

PAULINE CLARKE.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

What Did You Do?

SIR: The following extract from a letter, recently received, protesting against the present violation of our civil rights strikes me as worthy of repetition.

"And you who read these words, what are you going to say twenty years hence, when the little children, studying their history lessons around the fireside, look up and ask, 'What did you do for the cause of freedom in those dark days?' Are you not going to have to confess with me that throughout the whole four years of war hysteria you never were in jail once?"

New York City. A. P. H.

The Bandwagon

The Less You Eat, the More It Hurts the Profiteer

"If they [the women] could be persuaded to defer buying everything possible it would materially reduce prices," said Mr. Palmer.

"How about food?" came from the floor.

"Oh I know about food, that it costs a small fortune," Mr. Palmer replied, "but the only way to help is through the law of demand and supply. Keep down the demand."

What Do You Read at Breakfast?

READING Red literature in public, even in the Russian language is no longer safe in New York. Jacob Wausiliess was perusing a pamphlet entitled "What is Anarchy?" at breakfast in an East Side restaurant yesterday. A bomb squad detective arrested him and sent him to Ellis Island to await deportation proceedings.—New York Dispatch to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, February 15th.

Saving her Soul

"GIRL workers can't stand prosperity. At least this is the opinion of William Heyburn, Louisville, whose letter was read today at the Senate committee hearing on the Minimum Wage Bill. . . . . Mr. Heyburn said that the danger period for the woman worker was when she reached the point in earning capacity where she had a surplus after contributing her share to the upkeep of the home. The girl apprentice, earning a small wage, 'sticks to the last,' he said, and consequently has not the temptations that beset the girl whose horizon is broadened by reason of her surplus earnings."—Louisville Courier-Journal, Feb. 18th.

Goats Take Notice

"WE have to make up our minds frankly to a resumption of relations [with Russia]. There is only one government with any authority in Russia. The choice has become one between ramming one's head against a stone wall and overcoming prejudice."—Daily Express (London).

In the General Direction of the Pacific

MR. Green: "Approximately what is the fighting line here now?"

General Bliss: "....It does not go beyond Lake Baikal now."

Secretary Baker: "Lake Baikal is in the Siberian region."

Testimony before Congress.

Worth Saying Twice

"IF I were to deport Bolshevists I would have a ship of stone with sails of lead, the wrath of God for a gale, and Hell for the nearest port."—Dr. John Wesley Hill, Dec. 3rd.

"I believe we should place them all on ships of stone with sails of lead and that their first stopping place should be Hell."—General Leonard Wood, Dec. 17th.

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Books and Things

ONCE in a while, when I feel old and remorseful, I am conscious of a wish for another life and a fresh stack of chips. To one or two persons, who died years ago, I should be glad of a chance to explain that my behavior to them never meant what in fact I suppose it did mean. But in general, when I look back over my life in this world, I can find among my more persistent regrets few that life in any next world would be likely to set right. In no next life by me imaginable do I see myself learning to read Greek about as easily as I now read French, or changing from an awkward and dizzied climber into a fair mountaineer, able to do without disgracing himself the Zinal Rothhorn or the Aiguille Verte. In the next world, you know, people don't do such things. Perhaps that is why my hunger and thirst for immortality is intermittent and undevouring. Perhaps that is why, as I wait here in Carnegie Hall for Sir Oliver Lodge to begin his lecture on the evidence for survival, my curiosity is so much stronger about the lecturer than about his subject. I am here because, having read Easy Mathematics once upon a time, I am keen to see the author of that wise and civilized book. A state of mind which he would think paltry in any hearer of his glad tidings.

Sir Oliver, when at last he makes his appearance, looking perhaps five less than his sixty-five years, surprises me by his height and mass. He must be well over six feet, and is saved from stoutness by a noble frame of bones. He stands almost still, his left hand on the desk, his right on his hip or in his hip pocket. His few gestures, made without swing-back or follow-through, seem to express quite naturally some irrelevant feeling, slighter than the feeling he is expressing at the same instant in words and tones. His intonation is so little English that you would never guess by it what country he hails from. His articulation has here and there a nicer precision than ours—there is no sound of sh in his mode of saying "issue" or "crucial", and his "crucial" is almost a trisyllable. He accents one or two words as we mostly don't in this country—"purporting" for example on the first syllable. The first e in "telepathy" is long. But one notices these unfamiliar things only because they are so few.

Once or twice he uses the word momentous, but his manner is not momentous at all. It is as little apocalyptic as the style of his Easy Mathematics. Nothing could be simpler. It is a manner aware that a grave decision is to be taken, a choice of great moment to be made, it expresses his sense of this with sincerity, and at the same time it implies a repugnance to convincing us against our wills. He wants his appeal to be to our reason only, wants us to use our minds, wants us first to hammer-tap every wheel that carries his train of reasoning and then to listen, after each blow, so critically, for the sound. How scrupulously he abstains from heating our hopes until they become ardent, burn away our demand for evidence, and make us eager to accept assertions we have not tested. Deeply though he believes, devoutly though he wishes us to be partakers in his healing faith, he would no more have us come to his conclusion, save by the way of proof that to us is urgent, than he would have us take his word for it that the cube root of 5832 is 18.

What he has said so far, now when his lecture has fairly started, is perhaps a little more general than you had hoped, than you had expected, amounting indeed, so far as I remember, to little more than a statement of his reasons for regarding our survival of bodily death as not more improbable, antecedently, than several other things that all civilized mankind now assumes to be true. More important, much more important to his hearers than to Sir Oliver Lodge himself, is the fact that he who did not believe in human immortality, who did not even wish for it on his own account, came at length, after scrutiny of the evidence, to certitude. By this mere fact, much more than by the arguments which he obviously thinks more weighty, he has surprisingly aggravated our unwillingness to disagree with him. It is our minds that he wishes to persuade, yet his persuasiveness, without his knowledge and against his will, comes from his voice, his bearing, his honesty of intention.

Then follows the proof, which we approach via telepathy. A, whom the medium never saw before and never heard of, gets a message from B, who is dead—a message of references and allusions to things known only to B and A. May not this be a case of telepathy, of thought transference as it used to be called, of the medium's reading A's mind? Yes, it may be, no doubt it often is. But suppose the dead tells the living not something which only they two know, but something which the living didn't know and which is afterwards ascertained to be true? Sir Oliver cites cases in which precisely this has happened, cases which, if no one has lied or been deceived, are inexplicable upon any hypothesis except that of survival. A soldier who was killed in France, and of whom neither the medium nor the person consulting the medium had ever heard, sends a message. His luggage is on its way home. In a certain place in one of his bags are certain letters. If they get to his wife and family they will do harm. He asks that his luggage be intercepted, that the letters be destroyed. The letters are found where he said they would be, the dead soldier's wish is fulfilled. To Professor Richet in Paris, some years ago, just before Queen Draga of Serbia and her brothers were murdered, came a message from their grandfather—*la mort guette famille*—death is lying in wait for the family. Upon investigation Professor Richet discovered that the message arrived at exactly the moment when the murderers were setting out for the palace.

Well, the lecture is over. On my way home I try to account for my disappointment. The nature of the evidence? Not altogether. I did not expect Sir Oliver Lodge's cases to be different in kind from the few I had read in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. Perhaps I had expected the lecture to be an exposition of the difference between the operations of a sceptical and those of a credulous mind. I had expected the narrative of a more rigorous scrutiny. I had hoped for a sight of the sceptic at work, testing and rejecting and refining, reaching at last a certitude made contagious by his demonstrated expertness and thoroughness as a weigher of evidence. What I had heard was a few anecdotes, told by a man whose good faith was beyond question, and whose personality was so winning that one would be glad to oblige him by believing anything he chose to say. He had appealed to everything except one's mere mind, the only thing he cared to appeal to.

My dissatisfaction, however, is not all with Sir Oliver Lodge. Some of it is with myself. Am I one of those men, hateful to John Milton, who will neither answer solidly nor be convinced? And perhaps, if the choice between belief and disbelief in survival were to me a "living option," or if my not extinct ambitions were such as a conceivable future life might encourage, I should not now be coming so empty away from Carnegie Hall.

P. L.

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After the Play

HARDLY ever does a dramatist start absolutely from scratch. He tries, if he can, to steal a patriotic lap or two; or to gain ten yards because he is willing to josh the highbrow; or to inch ahead because he is all for mother-love or because he is strong for the Down East Yankee or because his heart is somehow inevitably where the audience wants it to be, viz. in the right place. Not to give a hoot for this tyranny of the audience, not to beg one bit of indulgence or to sneak one moment of favor—that is unusual, and the play that starts from scratch in this spirit stands an excellent chance of going to the warehouse in a week.

But this can hardly be the fate of St. John Ervine's new play at the Garrick Theatre. Jane Clegg is too well performed, too well set on its feet by the playwright, not to triumph over the predilections of its public. And if it does master those predilections in the first instance, it has the stuff in it to run through the season.

There are only five adults in Jane Clegg; and the main gentleman of the play, Henry Clegg, is not what you would call a hero. The play is an English play and Clegg is a small clerk whose household consists of his mother, his wife and the two children. It is immediately made obvious that the head of the family, Henry Clegg, is the moral objective of the drama. Henry "don't behave proper." He is, outside the drab respectability of his home, something of a sport, and his sportiness and rakishness are regarded with grimly sober concern by the wife who chooses to endure him. Henry has a partisan in his mother. Mrs. Clegg is a fond mother, quick and contentious in her favoritism and mentally about as diverting as the drearier patterns of linoleum. She admits that Henry is a guilty sinner. (There was one episode of infidelity that Henry could not dispute.) But Henry's mother confides to Jane Clegg that this is the inevitable. "Men's guilty sinners." And Jane is felt to be a stiff-necked woman because she does not submit. To Jane the matter presents itself differently. Jane suffers from intelligence. She is no longer illusioned. She is no longer young. Henry is important to her because he is part of the children's milieu, and she wants to believe in Henry so that she can keep the milieu as it is. But Henry is poor stuff and she knows it, and her own small fortune of a few hundred pounds she is keeping intact for her children against the time that Henry goes to pot.

Starting with this state of affairs, certainly not too exhilarating, Mr. Ervine proceeds with a soundness and ingenuity of invention that deserves all sorts of praise. He makes Henry—cheap skate, light weight Henry—come blowing in with that Oh Man verve which is the pre-Freudian sign that someone has a complex. Jane gives Henry his supper, his bottle of beer, his cold meat, his napkin. And after the feast Henry discloses the fact that he has a grand mysterious opportunity to invest some of Jane's legacy. Jane seriously asks for particulars, which the strong man—pledged to secrecy by his "friend"—is compelled to refuse. Jane exhibits a sad distrust of her husband. She wants the money for her children's education. She won't hand it out in the dark. Henry perceives that he is not trusted, that he is slighted. So does his mother. And the happy home once more goes under a cloud. Jane and the mother take their unhappiness to bed with them, leaving Henry to brood over his lost sovereignty and the incalculable capriciousness of woman.

Light is soon shed on Henry's need for capital. A bookmaker calls, to demand twenty-five pounds that Henry owes him. He is a nasty little bookie. He needs the money badly himself and he doesn't care how ugly he is to his client. Henry tries to bluster, tries to placate. Then he confesses, what the bookie has suspected, that there is a woman to explain Henry's shortness of cash. Her name is Kitty, Henry fatuously expands. Yes, and Kitty is in the devil of a stew. They've been that afternoon to the doctor, and the doctor thinks . . . . Which only means that the bookie gives Henry unwilling grace till Thursday.

The good solid fact of Kitty's pregnancy is now before Henry. As an outside order-clerk he has possession of the firm's check for enough money to take Kitty and himself to Canada. He cashes the check, hoping to get away before the firm finds out. He is not the sort that stands the racket.

But the godly cashier of Henry's firm learns that Henry has not turned in his check, and he comes to Henry's home to make a solemn inquiry. This gives Mr. Ervine a delicious chance to show how differently, in the absence of Henry, this news of the missing check affects Henry's mother and Jane. Henry's mother snaps unpleasantly at the cashier. Henry's mother is a disciple of Decatur: my Henry, right or wrong. Jane suspects the truth. She assures the cashier that the money shall be returned. What disturbs her is the implications of Henry's need for money. Has he been gambling? Is there another woman? What does it mean?

Henry bluffs on his return, then sees that Jane will back him and confesses to having used the money to pay his gambling debts. His lie is almost successful but the bookie turns up snarling for his money. This brings out one discrepancy after another. Henry is cornered and Henry squeals.

The really brilliant interpretation of Jane Clegg comes at this point. Cornered at last, Henry seeks to explain himself to Jane. Is he, as the bookie sneers, an "absolute rotter"? He admits he's a rotter, yet he tries to make Jane see that she was too good for him. She forced him to live beyond his moral means. With Kitty, the cushioning Kitty, he has struck his level—he can make good with her. But he couldn't live up to Jane. This, of course, is Henry's exit. Jane is left minus a minus quantity which, in a way, is a plus. But it is the end of an imperious expectancy, which is the tragedy of Jane.

In having Miss Margaret Wycherly for Jane and Mr. Dudley Digges for Henry Clegg the play is immensely fortunate. Mr. Digges showed in John Ferguson his capacity for revealing without sentimentality and without glamour the true lineaments of a weakling. In Jane Clegg he paints a somewhat similar figure. He exhibits human meanness in a manner that would earn the hisses of any unsophisticated audience, and he does so with an amplitude of observation and perception for which Mr. Ervine must surely be thankful. Miss Wycherly is a similarly candid artist. Her Jane Clegg is acted with a firmness and a secure reality that make the performance completely distinguished. It might be called a repressed performance, but only if the word is meant to imply that in its repression there is the whole history of Jane Clegg's handling of life. Miss Wycherly's portrait is full of dignity, power and intelligence and adds immeasurably to the pleasure of Jane Clegg. Miss Westley is more than capable as Henry's mother, and Mr. Henry Travers and Mr. Erskine Sanford do as much for the rather static bookie and cashier as their parts permit. The two children are no better and no worse than we are now hardened to expect. They lead one to believe that children's place is in the home.

F. H.

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Literary Notes

OF all the newspaper war correspondents none communicated the human drama more vividly than Philip Gibbs, and when his articles were published in book form they were sought by many both as historic records and as literature. But they were incomplete records, hacked in the most interesting places by an unimaginative censor. These gaps are now to be filled. Some time this spring Harpers will publish a new book by Philip Gibbs, Now It Can Be Told, in which he tells it. He says himself that in this book he has tried to concentrate on the "permanent values" of the war, on the intrinsically dramatic spots, but incidentally he finds time to demolish a few atrocity stories, characterizing the tale of the crucified Canadian soldiers as made out of whole cloth. More serious are his charges against certain generals who staged surprise attacks for no other reason than the greater glory of the generals themselves, and his assertion that in all the armies attacks were made almost entirely in the spirit of "we'll take a chance." These may be facts of common knowledge, but Mr. Gibbs's book will show whether its disclosures were really worth censoring.

Harold J. Laski has contributed to the Home University Library, published by Holt, a book on the Political Thought in England from Locke to Bentham. This makes a series of three books on English political thought in the Home University Library. The other two are From Bentham to J. S. Mill by William L. Davidson, and From Spencer to Today by Ernest Barker. Mr. Laski's book will appear this spring.

Gilbert Cannan, who came here from England to lecture for the Bureau of Civil Liberties, has now gone to France. He was in this country four months. During that time, besides delivering many lectures on art, literature and civil liberties, he managed to write two books. One of these, called The Release of the Soul, he terms a contribution to practical philosophy. It is to be published by Boni and Liveright. The other book, Time and Eternity (Doran), is a novel. Windmills, another novel of Mr. Cannan's written just before the war, is announced by B. W. Huebsch.

The leading publishers of Scandinavia, the Gyldendalske Boghandel, have opened a branch in London, where they are to supervise the bringing out of English translations of important Scandinavian works in science and belles lettres as well as fiction. That this is badly needed is illustrated by the disappointing translation of Martin Andersen Nexö's great book, Pelle the Conqueror. This work, which was translated in England, is an example of slipshod style and prudish expurgating. In this connection it should be mentioned that the first volume of Nexö's new book, Ditte Menneskebarn, is to be published in this country by Henry Holt & Co., who also published Pelle. Ditte is Nexö's most moving and most beautifully written work, and it is to be hoped that it will not be sacrificed in the translation. Honorable exceptions to the rule of bad translations from the Scandinavian are Velma Swanston Howard's renderings of Selma Lagerlöf's works, and Miss Hanna Larsen's of J. P. Jacobsen's two novels, Marie Grubbe and Niels Lyhne, recently published. Mrs. Howard and Miss Larsen have proved that one artist can translate another artist.

Douglas Goldring is going to edit a series of plays for Scott and Seltzer. It is to be called Plays for the People's Theatre, and Israel Zangwill, D. H. Lawrence, W. L. George and Hamilton Fyfe have already promised contributions to it. Three volumes will soon be ready.

"He has done everything for the Catholic Church except join it," Bernard Shaw recently observed about Gilbert Chesterton. In The Superstition of Divorce, soon to be published here by John Lane, it appears that Chesterton comes so near the true fold that he might at least be given an honorary membership in it. He writes in this new volume with great affection for the institution of the family, and with a certain pleasantry about the institution of wife-beating. Re-marriage, it seems, is one of those sins against the Holy Ghost that helps especially to sap the foundations of society. Mr. Chesterton believes that society can never be safe unless the family is protected from the individual—and when the individual suffers from the institution of the family Mr. Chesterton expects him to treat his suffering as pure superstition.

One of George Ade's worst jokes, as his publisher saw it, was perpetuated on the morning that Ade's weekly profits from the Syndicated Fables in Slang reached over $900. "I'm going to quit," Ade told Mr. Russell. "Quit? You can't afford to quit," the publisher protested. "I'm beginning to repeat myself, Russell, I can't afford that"—and George Ade retired. Now he is back again, not repeating himself, with Hand-Made Fables illustrated by his friend John McCutcheon. It is nearly twenty-five years since Artie appeared, but who'll say that George Ade is one of the humorists whom time has withered?

The coming of Henry James's Letters, in two volumes, was announced by Scribner's last autumn, but the printers' strike delayed publication till now. These volumes, edited by Percy Lubbock, will, of course, contain much of the later correspondence. They will also cover that period—the period of Partial Portraits and earlier—when a less complicated and less pleached Henry James revealed more directly the kindness and charm of his nature. These letters can hardly fail to add luminousness to Henry James's reputation in the same way, if not to the same degree, that Stevenson's letters added to his fame.

Sinn Fein is not going to be allowed to have a monopoly of nationalism. A new weekly has been started in London called The Englishman, the Nationalist Weekly. Since G. K. Chesterton starts off with an article on The Vivisection of England, it looks as if Lloyd George and A. J. Balfour and Bonar Law and Lord Reading may soon have to go back to where they came from. But won't this mean a forced parting between the Anglo-Saxon Chesterton and his Gallic confederate Hilaire Belloc?

Anti-English feeling in the United States is to be the subject of Owen Wister's next book. He calls it A Straight Deal: or The Ancient Grudge. He aims to show that this prejudice was never wholly justified by fact in the past and is now most unwise. This is the first thing that Mr. Wister has written since his summing-up against the German nation, The Pentecost of Calamity. In that book he had a contrary aim to his new one. There he sought to show that anti-German feeling was wholly justified by fact. The important thing, apparently, is not so much to understand prejudices as to fortify the right ones.

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September

September, by Frank Swinnerton. New York: G. H. Doran.

IT was my impression that Frank Swinnerton was one of the young novelists pooh-poohed by our pooh-bahs for being wicked, unwholesome and epileptic. This impression is not sustained by September. September is a novel above reproach. It has nothing whatever to do with the Morn of the same name. It is a serious novel, possessed of some insight and considerable poise, and it placates the romantic novel-reading public in every important way. It arouses a considerable degree of emotion, being skillfully arranged, and it has snatches of sincerity. But it is not a dangerously sincere novel. It is like a reputable product of politics—which, we are told, is the science of the second-best.

Mr. Swinnerton does what the novel-reading public loves a novelist to do—he shows himself to be romantically partisan. He gives this partisanship to the fine personage for whom his book is named, the woman of 38 whom he calls Marian. September is rather a hard term to apply to the fullness of 38—late July would perhaps be fairer—but it is the advent of September rather than its presence that Mr. Swinnerton is representing. His Marian is the wife of a well-fed, well-off Englishman of average sensual nature. In contrast to this sunny materialist, whom she once had loved for love's sake and whom she now tolerates for his own, Marian is a cool and calm gentlewoman of whose dignity and wisdom Mr. Swinnerton is possibly quite convinced. She lives in country surroundings that charm the narrator. Her bedroom, large and bare, with a polished floor and light-colored rugs, varies its Quakerish refinement with hangings and counterpane "fresh blue and green and red." But Marian herself, "fair and candid, her brow rounded, her chin firm and beautiful," wears "a beautiful dress of grey and lemon-color which she alone could have worn without incongruity". She is serene in her detachment. She is conscious that Howard, her husband, is dallying with other women. She holds herself apart, yet not above him. This is a mature character that Mr. Swinnerton delineates with something like reverent sympathy.

Such partisanship is usually unfortunate. The value of an author's impartiality, after all, is not that it conceals the author's sympathy but that it allows the reader's sympathy to awaken spontaneously. Still, Mr. Swinnerton's Marian is not characterized with egregious favor. She is soon moved into a position that is likely to create sympathy on its own account—she is obliged to watch her husband fall in love, or show himself in love, with a young visitor at their house. This girl, Cherry, is half-child and half-vampire. She is studied with great seriousness and meticulousness by Mr. Swinnerton, and exhibited in particular detail. She is felt to be dazzlingly young and "modern". She moves in a fast set in London, drinks a little, smokes a good deal, dances American dances, is hard enough to be on the way to being tough. Yet we are assured that she is not really hard. She has too much pride to solicit anyone's good opinion yet too much honesty not to respect and fear Marian's superiority. She never knows that Marian has accidentally witnessed her yielding to Howard's embraces. The girl carries off her poaching with perfect coolness. Yet the real qualities of Marian, (the sort of thing that makes a young man say, "I think you're wonderful, you know. Your sympathies are so wide. You can make me feel I'm worth something," etc.,) these qualities appeal to the girl and make her stop to question her own values.

At the moment that the bon viveur husband is becoming Cherry's abject slave, under the judicious gaze of Marian, a new situation is created by the introduction of a youth named Nigel Sinclair. In presenting this youth, as in presenting Marian and Cherry, Mr. Swinnerton is quite ready to fall in with the good old patented methods of characterization. He wishes to show unmistakably how Marian is unconsciously wooed and warmed into an interest in this boy, so the whole thing is managed by labor-saving devices. "Nigel looked quickly aside at Marian. She was again impressed by the piercing glance of his eyes. He had a very lean face, and his eyes were its most noticeable feature." And of course he lives up to his eyes. He's a Socialist, oh tremendously! And "it's splendid to grapple with" the world outside. ("He seemed to her young—young and beautifully ardent.") But he plays the piano. "He played one study of Debussy's with an air of absorption that deeply impressed her. . . She had caught herself daydreaming. . . Strange that he should so have awakened her interest. . . She watched his face as he sat at the piano, reading the sensitiveness of his lips, and guessing at the strange wisdoms that might lurk in his dark eyes. She would have given much to have had children, so that she might have learnt something of the unknowable in human character." Then Nigel played Chopin, "a Fantasie Impromptu and the exquisite Ballade in A flat," and, "It's been so beautiful." She was deeply moved. "He was gone."

But not for long. He comes for tennis. "The young man presented, in his suit of flannels, a very different figure. . . He was, as Marian saw, a strong and virile creature, with physical beauty quite other than the decoration." Mr. Swinnerton might possibly have given him knock-knees, or a long nose, or some other short-circuiting feature. But, no, Nigel is virile as well as beautiful, and he and Marian smash Howard and Cherry at mixed doubles, and make the short-winded husband feel not a little silly. It is the beginning of more visits from Nigel. Nigel and Marian discuss Life. They talk on psycho-analysis. "They're only a sign of modern self-consciousness. And a cause of it, too," Marian declares concerning the new psychologists. "I'm coming to the conclusion that all the pseudo-science our young people are getting hold of is darkening their lives and making them distrust their own nature." Marian is as wholesome as a baking apple, after all. But it wins assent from Nigel almost too readily. She continues, "This is very nice. . . Psycho-analysis isn't really scientific, I think. It isn't just genuinely simple analysis but a pretentious hybrid. It's ridden by a great fear of human nature." "You're not afraid of human nature?" the boy tremulously asks. "I'm not really frightened of human nature," she profoundly responds, "I *am* very much afraid of the twisting of the human mind."

These sympathetic visits develop. Nigel comes when the bees are swarming. Nigel is badly stung by a bee, and she bandages him. . . He takes her to his aunt's in his motor. He escorts her home. Mr. Swinnerton manages it extremely well. Marian, quite characteristically, does not admit that she is in love with Nigel, all the while she is judging Howard's love for Cherry. She does not admit it—and at the moment she bends the bough to herself, and can so easily pluck Nigel, she refuses to let herself go and she swings him free into the air.

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This, however, she does not admit either. Mr. Swinnerton is a little tedious and thin-spun in his discussion of all the motives, operative and inoperative, that come into Marian's mind. But he does, in the end, exhibit the consequences of her abnegation. He lands the beautiful Nigel into the one emotional situation that is capable of extracting the most juice from the reader's feelings. This is highly plausible, yet it is not quite satisfactory. Nigel's processes are not very fully or convincingly explained. And Marian's are too easily explained in terms of nobility, tragedy and self-sacrifice. She is, after all, the Woman who Didn't. Why should the woman on the edge of September be dramatized by losing by another woman what she had intrinsically lost by inhibition?

Mr. Swinnerton is too enamored of Marian to meet this question. He is content to think of her as nobly doomed, in any case, by very reason of her having no right to a second blooming. And how noble it is to enjoy this feminine doom. How pleasant it is, for the male, to think of its dignity, and serenity. For myself, I should prefer a novel that candidly acknowledged two things—first, the grimness of such a woman's picking a boy, either way she plays it; second, the probability that a Marian really worth admiring would never pick a Nigel but would pick someone her own size. Still, Mr. Swinnerton ought not to be blamed very much for not writing an altogether different story! And, granted his acceptance of the established romantic values of fiction, he has concocted a good story, serious and sensitive along its own lines.

F. H.

An Adventure in Contentment

What Wilson Did at Paris, by Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

OUR knowledge of great events is necessarily so partial a glimpse that the revelation of those who have seen them from the inside must always raise high hopes. Mr. Baker had exceptional opportunities for such a task. Probably no one in Paris was nearer to the President or more continuously intimate with the workings of his mind. Moreover, Mr. Baker's previous works almost ideally equipped him for the effort he has here made. Yet what he has given us is less a real glimpse into the processes of which he was a spectator, than a typical newspaper "stunt" that fails, at almost every point, to get to the facts at issue. But he has no whole plan, he has made no attempt at coherent narrative, no appraisal of the forces hostile or friendly to Mr. Wilson's policy. The result undoubtedly administers to American vanity; but it hardly skims the surface of the events with which it deals.

The whole background of Mr. Baker's attitude unconsciously ignores certain fundamental facts. He regards the Conference as a simple struggle between American principles and the selfish interests of Europe. To him it was a conflict between light and darkness, and whatever failures Mr. Wilson made were the result either of the insuperable wickedness of his opponents or of the division of opinion in America itself. Yet the facts are surely less simple than such analysis would suggest. When Mr. Baker thinks of the purity of American principles or the effectiveness of our adherence to them, he forgets the impossible settlement of Poland which our experts proposed; he forgets the responsibility for the disposition of the Austrian Tyrol; he forgets that the plebiscite in Upper Silesia is due to Mr. Lloyd George; he forgets that a clause in the Covenant of the League for a popularly chosen assembly was sponsored by Lord Robert Cecil and negatived by Mr. Wilson. When he speaks of the division of opinion in this country, he forgets the partisan attitude of the President towards the Congressional election of 1918, and omits to mention Mr. Wilson's daring and costly refusal to include in the peace delegation an accredited representative of the Majority party in Congress. When he speaks of the burden of domestic duties confronted by the President, Mr. Baker forgets that every European prime minister confronted a similar situation; nor does he remember that the kind of administration built up by Mr. Wilson had so atrophied the initiative of the heads of the executive departments that the New York longshoremen's strike had to be referred to Presidential decision. When he claims for Mr. Wilson the patent of invention for the idea of mandatories, he can hardly have remembered that a well-known memorandum of General Smuts was the foundation of this policy.

One leaves the book with a troubled doubt of the purpose it has in view. If it is the work of a publicity agent securing a hearing for his client, it is no more deserving of serious attention than the press notices of Sir Oliver Lodge. If it is comforting sympathy in defeat from a friend the public will pass it by in silence. Even if the author were David Grayson instead of Ray Stannard Baker one would appraise it as an anodyne, however much he might regret that American fibre should not be deemed tough enough for more vigorous treatment. But as a serious study by one of the most serious journalists today dealing with public questions, the significance of the little book is to be found in its overwhelming omissions.

Quite unconsciously perhaps, Mr. Baker reveals the three basic sources of Mr. Wilson's failure to translate the Fourteen Points into the Treaty. With amazing naiveté Mr. Baker comments on the competence of the other great powers at Paris. Let the problem be what it might be, the British and the French had always a plan at hand; the Japanese had always, within their field, specific proposals from which they could not be moved. The implication of Mr. Baker's argument is the crass fact that even more extraordinary than the competence of our Allies was the unpreparedness of our own delegation, and in particular of the President himself, in asserting American desires without informed concreteness. Mr. Baker implies that America wanted nothing; and in the sense that we asked neither territorial nor economic gains this is true. But we had desires of a third kind, no less significant because they were impalpable. The President himself had formulated them, and had become therein the trustee of the democratic faith. It was by their announcement that he had won the urgent support of liberals the world over. Upon them as a basis he had negotiated the armistice. It was to their fruition that we looked for a successful peace. Without doubt, it was a more difficult task to fight for the realization of principles than for a definite tract of soil or the possession of coveted coal fields. But the very depth of the difficulty only called for greater intensity of thought, for greater inventiveness, and for a greater insistence upon the duty of preparing for a realization of our aims. Assuredly it did not call for naive reliance upon other nations which had, as Mr. Baker urges, different traditions and more selfish appetites than our own. No one, indeed, can hope to understand Mr. Wilson without analysis of the means and men upon whom he relied, and the means and men he failed to utilize in the Paris adventure. His

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attitude towards the expert is a chapter by itself in the final appraisal of his statesmanship.

Mr. Baker seeks to convey the fear which brooded over Paris lest something should occur to upset the "shaky" governments of Europe; it was imperative, we are told, that nothing be done to endanger their security. This, as it appears, is the apology for "sitting within the double-doored, sound-proof room of the French Foreign Office," the general excuse for the secrecy with which the Conference was surrounded. Yet Mr. Baker himself expresses surprise that, somehow, sounds did penetrate even through the sound-proof room whenever it was desired to quicken French, or even English opinion, against Mr. Wilson.

Secrecy, in fact, as Mr. Baker impliedly recognizes, was the weapon invoked by every sinister force at the Conference; and, in the event, it was upon the President alone that it became actually binding. That publicity which Mr. Wilson deserted—a generous appeal to continuous understanding in peace which secured the great response of war—was the one effective weapon Mr. Wilson possessed.

And Mr. Baker makes it cumulatively clear that at each crisis it was by the threat of publicity that Mr. Wilson secured the moderation he desired. One cannot help asking why, if the mere threat of speech was so effective, the President was ever persuaded to abandon the weapon at the outset. The real truth of the matter is that while Mr. Wilson believes in democracy, he at the same time distrusts the processes by which alone it can be vindicated. At least, it is impossible to explain in any other way the gaping inconsistency which called for open covenants and, as a working hypothesis, set out to build the new world-order in secrecy and silence.

Mr. Baker reveals, almost above all, Mr. Wilson's inability as a negotiator. He paints him always as a lovely, righteous figure, climbing over mountains of selfish hostility to a distant but glorious goal. Yet every one knows what help the President received not only from Lord Robert Cecil, General Botha and General Smuts but also from that liberal opinion in England whose press Mr. Baker himself pronounces "better than any group in this country." The truth of the matter is that, despite the entanglements of Mr. Lloyd George's December campaign, Mr. Wilson had a solid bloc of British support—Lord Robert Cecil, Generals Smuts and Botha, and almost all the younger British experts—waiting for him when he reached Paris. He could have made himself their leader at Versailles just as he had made himself their leader in Washington.

The causes of his failures are perfectly clear. They lie in the President's unpreparedness, his unique inability for intellectual cooperation, his distrust, his ignorance of the men and events about him. Such an analysis a disinterested pen might surely have made. Even so friendly a critic as Mr. Grasty has, in his "Atlantic" paper, given us material to reflect upon the quality and temper of Mr. Wilson's genius. Mr. Baker is content to offer us a blurred picture of lovely goodness caught in the toils of a sophisticated and sinister civilization. But one may still doubt whether his "neighbors in Massachusetts" or in the more distant recesses of the country will obtain from it an understanding of Mr. Wilson's intentions and policy; of what Mr. Wilson did at Paris—and what he failed to do.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Gladys Cromwell's Poems

Poems, by Gladys Cromwell. New York: Macmillan Co.

TO those who would classify poetry, it may be admitted that there are two general divisions into which it may fall;—that of the poets who make thrifty use of life, and theirs whom life uses to utter its importunate meanings, poets whose brief and pregnant phrase is rich in undertones, like the scanty memorable speech of one shaken by joy or fear or sorrow. "Distil" is a characteristic word of Gladys Cromwell's; and this book of hers, so intimately her own record, belongs with the books whose art is precisely the distilment of a bitter-sweet experience.

Naturally, therefore, it is verse that would owe little to contemporary influence, nor impose upon the reader that familiar baffled effort to reach beyond the general dialect to some particular distinguishing idiom;— a book not of echoes and borrowings, but genuinely the poet's own, its beauties, vigors, virtues, sown, tended and gathered by her dedicated hands.

With all its alternation of other, flashing, moods, this is a book of sorrow. And sorrow has been the readiest, most frequent theme of all poets in all times. But knowing this did not force Gladys Cromwell to evade or belittle her own powerfully dominant motive. Committed to directness and veracity, she is innocent of any effort to cajole her audience by merely novel, provocative exercises of her art. In fact, this art has resisted the main influence of her life no more than could a young and tender tree, exposed for seasons upon end to a cold, strong wind. The result is verse authentically tragic, a world apart from mere easy surrender to the minor mood.

Many of the poems do explicitly celebrate the tragic motive,—in an austere, unmodern accent. But it is the cumulative effect of the collection that is most remarkable. As one reads on, the book develops a unity that is more than a unity of texture or of inspiration. It achieves an eloquence,—superseding the poet's earlier constraint—that seems almost to deepen the lyric sequence to the additional significance of a monodrama. One catches a startling accent in such phrases as:

> "I cannot misconstrue:
> Life's dark intent, joy's fitful glow."

And there is an intolerable poignancy in the cry for

> "A temporal winter, not
> A fitful sleep;
> But such a lasting winter as
> Dark oceans keep."

In nearly all her work, one has the illusion that one is listening to a series of profound and sombre utterances from some obscurely impressive protagonist, some dark figure with a shrouded face—a figure invested with mysteriously acquired certainties that are the gift neither of passionate youth nor of tired age. Of life and death and sorrow this young poet speaks agelessly, without emotional abandon and without illusion—yet not impersonally. With courage and candor and in unjewelled phrases that seem naturally to fall into classic shape, she chants the inevitable drift of her own life, its perhaps equally inevitable end. This singular dramatic spell, exerted by verse that is quite without dramatic intention, is perhaps due partly to the continuity of theme, partly to the fact that the poems are not so many pools of emotion, loosely spilled, but delicate screens through which a reticent passion burns. Word after word of them is almost

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reluctantly conceded to an irresistible need of expression. So that this spare, truth-telling art succeeds in being more deeply moving, which is after all the single aim and triumph of art, than do far more resourceful and sophisticated instruments.

Varied interludes in less sombre tone do not lessen the effect of the monodrama. The poet turns from her stern preoccupation to look steadily in the eyes of love, and finds there a meaning quite as stern, even though expressed with less solemnity. Love, she reveals, is

> "not a wage the soul can earn
> By any kind of doing. The concern
> Of love is need . . . . . .
> . . . . . Love is the spare sheaf
> We glean from pain."

She may protest, in charming, formal accent, that her own concern is less with love than with "mild beauty, dim, resistless thought," yet she is perfectly aware of love's loveliness and sings nowhere with such pure lyrical freedom as when acknowledging this:

> "Love is like a wind that passes
> Fingers through the blades and grasses.
> Love itself is hidden from sight,
> But all we see is through its light;
> Love is like a soft song sweeping
> The hills and valleys of its keeping."

Of all themes, it is Beauty that the poems most tenderly celebrate. There is not only an intimacy with beauty, but a permanency of definition, in such lines as these:

> "But living petals now take wing
> Like butterflies with dusky flashes;
> April flutters her white ashes
> Inaudibly, remembering."

A gift of startling vividness of compression leaps out in such a phrase as "the smoke-like motion of the bat", where beauty is only suggested. Beauty of the more obvious sort, and beauty of mere color, she resists. It is beauty of a subtler order, such as the beauty of winter landscapes, that she selects from all the visible world as most sharply salient, most sympathetic. It is in winter that she hears

> "the air
> Rolling like a silken flood",

and it is then that

> "Bowing shadows weigh the snows".

Yet the beauty that the poems express is not altogether, or even chiefly, visible beauty. Beauty of spirit is throughout more apparent in them, as it was also a matter of which the poet had even more intimate knowledge than of those aspects of tree and sky that she has delicately etched.

But beyond all defining of its excellences the listener to this book's utterance is aware always of the author's beautiful and tragic spirit behind it, voicing it with heartrending sincerity from some shadowy and lonely place.

O. R.

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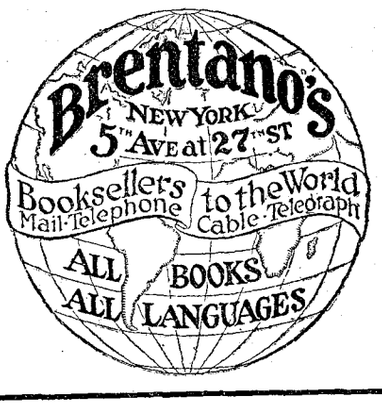

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